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The Shape of Things

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING ABOUT Stalin's letter to the A. P. correspondent in Moscow is the fact that he wrote it. In this unprecedented and unceremonious form he demanded bluntly that the Allied powers live up to their obligations "fully and on time." If, as Willkie said in his second-front statement from Moscow, the Allied military leaders "need some prodding," Stalin has administered a prod which carries the force of a charge of dynamite. Where a diplomatic note would have caused no more than a diplomatic ripple, this outspoken letter has produced an explosion. For it amounts to an ultimatum from Stalin to the Allied leaders. He does not say that Russia will collapse if a second front is not opened this year. On the contrary, he insists that "the Soviet capacity of resisting the German brigands is in strength not less, if not greater, than the capacity of fascist Germany . . . to secure for itself world domination." But he charges that the Allies have failed to give Russia effective aid "as compared with the aid which the Soviet Union is giving to the Allies by drawing on itself the main force of the German fascists." No statesman, least of all the discreet Stalin, uses such language in a public communication unless he has reached a point where he hopes rather than fears to affront the governments he criticizes. In short, Stalin's letter indicates that relations between the Soviet Union and its Western allies are dangerously strained and that suspicion has taken the place of confidence.

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WHAT THIS STATE OF AFFAIRS MIGHT LEAD to, we prefer not to imagine. The chief thing to insist upon is that it must not be allowed to develop. For months Russia has been fighting alone but in full expectation of relief through the opening of a second front in the west. Even supplies from the Allies have fallen far short of the amounts promised. Now with winter at hand and Stalingrad still bearing the weight of attack on the long line, Russian patience and endurance are near an end. We don't pretend that the British and Americans are solely at fault. Russia has proved a prickly ally and has withheld much information important in making

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major military decisions. But the final blame lies on those who promised and failed to fulfil their obligations rather than on those who have carried the full burden of the fight. If the Western allies fail Russia now, the alliance itself is in danger; Russia cannot and will not fight indefinitely alone. This is clear, even though Stalin did not say so. What he did say is enough to show that the Allied generals cannot afford to sit back in their chairs calculating how long the Russians can hold out without help. It is sufficient warning that the second front is the price the Allies will have to pay to keep the weakened Russian armies in the field and the Soviet Union in the United Nations.

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THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC HAS TAKEN A decided turn for the better as a result of the Australian victory north of Port Moresby and American occupation of the Andreanof Islands in the Aleutians. The New Guinea triumph is particularly encouraging because it is the first time in this war that a Japanese army offensive has been defeated and turned back by a United Nations ground force. It is possible that the Japanese may be forced to abandon their six-months-long effort to seize Port Moresby as a base for operations against Australia, and will concentrate on the struggle for the Solomon Islands. Only meager information has been received from the Solomons during the past week, but it is apparent that the Japanese are continuing to harass the American positions at Tulagi and Guadalcanal from newly established bases at Gizo and Rekata. Although no hint of a further American offensive has appeared in official communiqués, our positions at Tulagi can be considered safe only when the Japanese are driven completely out of the Solomons. Occupation of the Andreanof Islands may be taken as an indication that the United States is preparing to expel the enemy from Kiska, Attu, and Agattu. In order to keep our perspective, we must bear in mind that all of these operations are minor ones. They are significant only if they are followed up by attacks on important Japanese positions.

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THE ARREST OF EDOUARD HERRIOT PUTS AN end to Laval's policy of trying on the one hand to satisfy Germany and on the other to avoid antagonizing French opposition leaders. That he had to sacrifice Jews by the thousands and carry his traffic in slaves to the extreme of his new compulsory-labor law never fazed him. But his old parliamentarian habits make it unpleasant for him to have to proceed against a man whose prestige was already established when he himself first entered the Chamber of Deputies as a passionate Jacobin of the left. He tried to placate Herriot by sending him all kinds of private messages. They were received with the disdain that could be expected from the ironical old Mayor of Lyons. Herriot's arrest proves that the Pétain regime cannot handle the present internal situation. Every delay or hesitation on the part of Vichy to meet the demands of Berlin is met by a tightening of the screws upon the French *Gauleiters*. And this in turn leads to greater repressive measures against the French people, who show their irritation at every new concession to the invader. It is a dialectical process whose outcome can only be one of two things—a revolutionary shake-up or the total occupation of France. The arguments employed in the last few days by the Radio Legion, mouthpiece of Pierre Laval's clique, show the desperate position of a government whose only appeal to the nation is an attempt to convince French employers that by sending as many French workers to Germany as possible they are contributing France's share toward the "overthrow of Bolshevism." The arrest of Herriot has given the French people their national leader in the struggle for liberation from within. If De Gaulle symbolizes the armed fight against the invader, Herriot expresses the internal opposition. Nor could the French people find a better leader. He represents all that is finest in the French tradition.

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THE DEPORTATION FROM FRANCE OF SIXTY or seventy thousand Jews is a mass demonstration of Laval's impotence. The story of this vast human tragedy is told on another page of this issue. Mr. Mandellaub, himself a refugee fortunate enough to have reached this country, exposes the futility of hoping that help for these victims can come from any source inside France or Europe. For most of them hope has vanished; the thousands who have found the end of their weary trek toward freedom in cattle cars headed for the east can now be saved, if at all, only through the final defeat of Hitler. But many thousands are still in France, awaiting their fate. If America had the courage of its professions it would have rescued all the refugees in France before Hitler sprung the trap. But such a program was not even considered. What our government did was to admit within the quota limits such ordinary refugees as met all the regular requirements. And in addition it issued a limited number of visas to particularly endangered individuals. Grudgingly, slowly, the visas were dealt out to a few carefully selected anti-fascists. Those rescued were the few; those left behind the many. Of the political fighters against Hitler for whom visas were requested, about 5,000 are left stranded in France, awaiting deportation and almost certain death. Some of these could still be saved if, for once, in the face of an atrocity against which Secretary Hull himself has bitterly protested, the State Department were willing to slice through the red tape and get these men and women out. With visas for America they could still reach Lisbon. With money from America they could still get passage.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S INDORSEMENT OF John J. Bennett for governor of New York should give the Attorney General's cause hardly more nourishment than Mark Twain's soup made from the shadow of a starved chicken. The gesture was inevitable and anticipated. Besides being the father of a political philosophy, the President, as the American Labor Party points out, is the head of the Democratic Party. His silence on the New York campaign would have damaged the party's position elsewhere in the country at a moment when the threat of a Republican Congress is not to be taken lightly. His promise to vote for Bennett as "the best qualified" of the three candidates was the faintest indication of support that he could decently get away with. He did not urge the Farley candidate's election, he carefully avoided associating him with the New Deal, and he said nothing to offset his pre-convention prophecy that Bennett could not win. Had the Labor Party taken the President's indorsement at face value and withdrawn Dean Alfange from the running, Bennett's stock would assuredly have skyrocketed. The Labor Party, with its own existence at stake, knew better than that, and as a result there is no cheering in the Farley camp. The net effect of the President's statement is likely to be the withdrawal from the Bennett fold of some bitter anti-Roosevelt Democrats and even of those diehard Republican isolationists who had flocked to Bennett in preference to a Dewey gone suddenly pro-Willkie. Probably these minor defections will be offset by New Deal voters who will follow the President's lead, but Mayor LaGuardia's timely support of Dean Alfange indicates that there will be no stampede in that direction.

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ALTHOUGH STRIKES IN WAR INDUSTRIES have been comparatively rare since Pearl Harbor, the press has recently given a considerable amount of space to a statement issued by the National Association of Manufacturers charging that such strikes are on the increase. To support its charge the N. A. M. cites War Labor Board figures showing that strikes in war industries increased from 27 in January to 222 in July. Apart from the fact that the time lost by strikes in July represented less than one-tenth of 1 per cent of the total man-hours worked, the N. A. M. neglects to point out that the WLB has steadily broadened the base of its strike statistics in such a way as to make month-to-month comparisons meaningless. The association even goes so far as to charge that the WLB figures are "unquestionably incomplete" because they do not take into account strikes of less than twenty-four hours. Actually, since April the WLB has been including strikes that lasted as long as one shift. Denials of the N. A. M. charges by William H. Davis, chairman of the War Labor Board, and even by the President himself have received far less newspaper space than was given to the original charges. Figures on "strikes" by management—that is, insistence on business-as-usual practices—are, of course, never reported in the press. We do not wish to condone irresponsible strikes in war time, but the very fact that the National Association of Manufacturers, regardless of the war, insists on carrying its grudge against labor to the point of falsifying the record is a far more serious breach of the management-labor truce than a few wildcat strikes.

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J. DAVID STERN'S PHILADELPHIA *RECORD* IS to be commended for its forthright handling of the rubber problem and the Baruch committee. Few newspapers had the courage to tackle the powerful interests connected with the synthetic-rubber program. The Washington correspondence and editorials of the *Record* and its affiliated Camden *Courier-Post* do them honor. It was the *Record* which first disclosed that Dr. Ernst A. Hauser, associate professor of chemical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and coauthor of the book "Rationed Rubber," was employed as an expert by the Baruch committee. Dr. Hauser's book sneered at the Truman and Gillette committees, called rubber from alcohol "rabbit's whisker rubber," and did a little expert knifing of Thurman Arnold. Dr. Hauser testified before the Gillette committee last week that he was not compensated by Standard Oil of New Jersey for writing it. In a prepared statement he said further that the German chemical firm for which he worked from 1922 to 1932 was "not a subsidiary of I. G. Farben. As a matter of fact the two companies were competitors in several fields of the chemical industry." But under questioning by Paul E. Hadlick, counsel for the committee, Dr. Hauser admitted that the concern for which he worked and I. G. Farben had directors in common and that they pooled certain of their processes.

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THE TEST OF THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE new rubber administrator, William M. Jeffers, will be his handling of another run-around on aid to Russia which was uncovered by our Washington editor. It seems that the President ordered that a rubber-tire plant be given to the Russians in July, 1941. First the program was whittled down, then in large part countermanded, and finally it was decided to substitute used equipment for new. Six months have passed, and Jeffers is now on the verge of asking the rubber companies if they can please spare some of their equipment for the Russians. The fact is that huge quantities of tire-making machinery are available, that the Russian request is for but a tiny fraction of our manufacturing capacity of 65,000,000 tires a year, and that this equipment could have been shipped to the Russians months ago. The principal obstacle, aside from the patent rights involved, is that

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the companies are determined to hold on to their equipment in order to be ready for quick resumption of production when the war is over.

Toward Total Economic Mobilization

WE HAD better resist the temptation to consider the President's order "providing for the stabilization of the national economy" a final solution of the inflation problem. Drastic as it is in some respects, it is really no more than a springboard from which we must make up our minds to dive into the rough and chilly waters of total economic mobilization. The controls instituted by the order will not operate by themselves; to be effective they will have to be supplemented by measures subjecting industry, labor, and agriculture to a high degree of regimentation.

The section of the order affecting wages and salaries is being criticized in some quarters as letting labor off too lightly. Actually it has plenty of teeth. For if on the one hand it specifically continues to encourage collective bargaining, on the other hand it subjects the results of that bargaining, so far as wages are concerned, to the veto of the War Labor Board and, in the case of a wage increase necessitating a change in a price ceiling, to that of the Price Administrator. There are, it is true, a number of "escape clauses" making possible a rise in wage rates above the September 15 level in order to correct "inequities" or "to aid in the effective prosecution of the war." Some such provision was necessary to check the drift of men from essential but comparatively poorly paid occupations such as copper mining to those offering greater attractions.

It is doubtful, however, that the man-power problems caused by the natural tendency of workers to seek the most remunerative employment can be cured simply by tinkering with wage differentials. In the very near future we shall probably be forced to freeze men to their jobs in the most vital industries, including agriculture, in order to avoid a hopeless lack of balance in war production. This is one of the problems that will confront the new Economic Stabilization Board, and in view of this, the omission from its membership of the head of the War Manpower Commission seems a strange oversight.

Since the President's order follows the compromise on the limitation of farm prices reached by Congress last week, it may seem more lenient toward agriculture than the circumstances warrant. Farm interests, however, received a shock when they read the provision directing the deduction from parity prices of various government cash payments to farmers. This tends to offset the effect of the addition of farm labor costs as a factor in calculating parity prices.

It would be dangerous to assume that merely fixing farm prices will insure stabilization of the cost of living, together with an adequate supply of food for ourselves and our allies. The sunshine speeches about the certainty of abundance that were fashionable a few months back have now been replaced by ominous talk of food shortages. Secretary of Agriculture Wickard warned the other day that we must conserve this year's abundant harvest or face hunger later on. Scarcity of farm equipment, fertilizer, and above all of labor may decrease production of some vital crops. The President's order will permit, in such cases, the raising of the ceiling price or the use of subsidies to stimulate output.

These measures, however, may prove to be insufficient. Mr. Wickard and other Administration spokesmen have hinted strongly in recent weeks that war-time regimentation of agriculture is inevitable. This means that farm production will have to be planned in accordance with national needs rather than in accordance with the individual farmer's notion of what are the most profitable and convenient crops to grow. With the resources that can be devoted to food production restricted, it would be absurd to add to superabundant wheat stocks when the same acreage might be turned to soy beans. Speaking in Mississippi on October 3, Mr. Wickard told an audience of farmers that "our only hope" of meeting our food budget lies "in harnessing all of our resources to the task of producing only the farm products which are absolutely essential. It is a hard way—you cannot fight a global war by taking it easy."

Victory demands concentration on vital needs and the surrender of superfluities, and that means that the element of choice has to be restricted for business man, farmer, worker, and consumer just as it is for the soldier or sailor. We have a long way still to go before we are slimmed down to the austere standards of British war economy, but the President's stabilization order is a step forward in that direction.

Murray of Montana

ONE of the paradoxes of the current Congressional campaign is the attack being made by the Republican State Committee of Montana upon Senator James E. Murray. Although Senator Murray, as chairman of the Senate Small Business Committee and father of the Smaller War Plants Act, has done more for small business than any other man in the Senate, he is being attacked for failure to help it. The piquant detail is that in Montana the Republican State Committee is synonymous with that stalwart friend of small enterprise, the Anaconda Copper Company.

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The Senator himself is something of a paradox. A millionaire lawyer and business man, he has distinguished himself during his first term in the Senate as a consistent and active champion of both labor and little business. He is both a Catholic and a progressive. He has been a steadfast supporter of the New Deal, and he was one of the first men in the Senate to go on record for a second front. He is supported by both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. He entered the Senate in 1934 by appointment to the seat left vacant by the death of Thomas Walsh, and he has proved himself a worthy successor. He was elected to a full term in 1936.

In the Democratic primaries Senator Murray drew a vote twice as large as that of the leading candidate in the Republican primaries. Unfortunately, the low wages in the mining industry and the high wages in the new war industries of the Pacific Coast have been draining labor out of Montana, and with it has gone some of Senator Murray's support. The chances are that he will be re-elected, but he needs the energetic support of all progressives in Montana. There are too few good liberals left in the Senate to permit the loss of James E. Murray.

This is as good a time as any to note that Senator Murray's Small Business Committee has resumed its hearings, this time to focus attention not only on the continued failure to utilize small manufacturing establishments to the fullest capacity but also on the plight of the small retailer and distributor in the war. Thousands of these may soon have to shut up shop. Several plans have been proposed to provide them with emergency financing and the means of reentering business after the war is over; some provision of this kind is necessary if we are not to emerge from the war with our economic life—and that also means our political life—more than ever before under the domination of giant monopolies.

The Chinese Cooperatives

THIS month marks the fourth anniversary of the organization of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives. These cooperatives, which have been widely publicized in this country through the writings of Edgar Snow, were largely the creation of one man, Rewi Alley, a New Zealander who was a factory inspector in Shanghai before the war. When the Japanese occupied all the main industrial sections of the country, thus apparently depriving China of the basic supplies needed for carrying on the war, Alley conceived the idea of starting small industries throughout the interior of China, utilizing the skilled labor of the refugees who had fled the coastal cities. In the absence of capital these industries were organized on a cooperative basis, and they have been extraordinarily successful. In a short time they were numbered in the thousands. They make everything: small arms, grenades, blankets, uniforms, surgical instruments, some medicines, farm implements, and electrical equipment. Although most of the equipment as well as the labor has necessarily been contributed locally, an increasing amount of assistance has been provided recently by thousands of friends in the United States and Britain.

These friends will regret to learn that within the past fortnight Alley has been dismissed from his post as field secretary. This development was the culmination of a long struggle over the fundamental policies of the cooperatives—a struggle which had ramifications in both Chinese and American politics. In China the issue was relatively clear-cut. With profound faith in the possibilities of a nascent democracy in China, Alley had devoted his efforts, with outstanding success, to the building up of a decentralized movement. He considered decentralization to be the most practicable means of meeting the problems faced by the local cooperatives under Chinese war-time conditions. Inadequate transport facilities, frequent bombing, the scarcity of ink, paper, typewriters, and other means of communication made it necessary for the C. I. C. units to stand on their own feet. So a system was set up under which the International Committee of the C. I. C. distributed the money collected abroad directly to local industrial cooperatives.

Certain Chungking officials have long opposed Alley's policies on the ground that the entire Chinese economy should be centralized under government control. But since centralization is impracticable under Chinese conditions, there has always been a suspicion that at least some of these individuals were seeking to gain control of the cooperative organization for political reasons. Alley's dismissal was not an isolated incident. More than a month ago a veteran Chinese politician, Chou Hsiang-shien, formerly mayor of Hangchow, was installed as secretary-general of the C. I. C., and a standing committee was established of men who have had little, if anything, to do with the C. I. C. in the past. This committee has ruled that all funds should be sent to it in the future instead of being distributed through the long-established International Committee.

This development is particularly disquieting because we, along with many other Americans, had come to regard the C. I. C. as a symbol of growing democracy in China. We have tended to overlook the fact that the Chinese government, owing to the stresses of the war, was not itself particularly democratic in structure. And we have hoped that the experience in practical democracy gained in the cooperatives would lay the foundation for broader popular rule after the war.

Not all of the politics or the passion for centralization which harasses the C. I. C. is Chinese. For months the United China Relief, which acts as a coordinated agency for the collection of relief funds for China, has been

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seeking to gain control of the distribution as well as the collection of the funds for the industrial cooperatives. It is possible that this effort may have influenced Chungking in its decision to reorganize the C. I. C. We prefer to think that no ulterior political motives, either here or in China, are involved, but the best proof of their absence would be the cessation of all efforts by outsiders to control a movement which has been outstandingly successful under its established local leadership.

Hitler Prepares to Dig In

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IN A world of war even the words of a conqueror are quickly buried by events. Hitler's speech was made, discussed, and almost forgotten before the week-end. Too generally, in my opinion, it was dismissed as an admission of weakness: Mr. Hull, for instance, referred to the speech as "quite a comedown," and said Hitler was evidently "desperately preparing his people for still greater hardships." Editorial writers found in it an admission that Germany was stopped, that the great offensive was over, at least on important fronts. Hitler, they pointed out, had recognized the fact that another horrifying Russian winter must be endured, and they contrasted this with his boast a year ago that Russia was already defeated; at last on the defensive, he was forced to look for words to make a prospective stalemate sound like an imminent victory.

This interpretation is almost true. But it conceals an important and disconcerting fact which we dare not pass over. Hitler is not merely on the defensive. He is a *conqueror* on the defensive. What he must defend is his territorial gains, his successful aggressions. When he sneers at Allied propagandists who belittle a thousand kilometers of soil overrun by the German army while making victories out of minor successes on their own side, he scores a legitimate point. Hitler has conquered Europe from the Atlantic to the Volga. He must obviously defend his spoils, from both inside and outside attack. He must consolidate his gains before he grabs for more. And so he prepares to resist blows and to suppress revolt and to exploit conquered land and mines and factories. This Göring promised, as well as Hitler.

I don't deny that it is better to have Hitler on the defensive than to watch his armies roll across the face of Europe. But none of us should fool ourselves with the idea that his role is comparable with the defensive role played so far by the Allies. Our side has fought with nothing to lose but its own possessions, no place to retreat but across its own soil. And we have lost and retreated.

Hitler's announcement that the Nazi regime will now begin to organize its conquests should be taken as a challenge rather than a consolation. His army needs to halt. So it must be forced to keep on marching or die where it stands. He plans to exploit the territory he has conquered, "to link it with the nutrition of our people and the obtaining of raw materials for the maintenance of all Europe." So he must be robbed of the fruits of his victory by intensified guerrilla fighting and sabotage. He needs to end resistance. So resistance must be quickened into full revolt. And implicit in his whole position is Hitler's need for peace, since peace is the one real defense for a conqueror gorged with the spoils of war; only with peace can he really concentrate on the major job of digestion. So he must be given war; and we must be forearmed against his coming peace offensive.

This is all evident enough. But it remains to be accomplished. The Russians will certainly do their best to prevent Hitler's army from digging in for the winter, but whether they can find the strength to succeed will largely depend on the help they get from the west. Without a second front in Europe, Russia may be forced to accept what Hitler wants—a stalemate in the east.

Even more certainly they will resist any attempt to exploit and carry off the resources of their lost lands. No matter what happens on the front, Russian workers and peasants can be counted upon to fight on savagely. But Hitler's plans for organizing Europe as a whole can only be blocked if opposition is intensified throughout the occupied countries. Again this may depend upon the opening of a western front. The resistance of men and women who would rather fight alone than accept slavery will not suffice to wreck Hitler's plans. An Allied invasion of Europe is a prerequisite of successful revolt.

As for peace, it may present itself in many guises. Already the Poles report that Hitler has twice attempted to make overtures to them. The next effort may be directed to Russia, especially if Hitler succeeds in stabilizing the eastern front. That the possibility of a peace move has been considered in Berlin is indicated in the commentary in the Political War section of this issue on one of Goebbels's more striking recent articles. The "pawn theory" is a strategy designed for just such peacemaking as Hitler obviously has in mind. His conquests become pawns in the maneuvers for a negotiated peace. As our writer says, the theory is a substitute for total victory. But it must also be recognized that it is incompatible with defeat. A defeated power must disgorge its conquests. Only a power that still has strength to fight can use them as trading pieces.

Hitler on the defensive is merely Hitler using new tactics to accomplish the purposes his victories have forced upon him. Only a powerful offensive—political as well as military—timed to hit before his defensive aims have been achieved, can break Hitler's hold on Europe. It may be our only chance.

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Prisoner of the Japanese

BY J. B. POWELL

[Mr. Powell was repatriated two months ago and brought home on the Gripsholm suffering from gangrene which has cost him the greater part of both feet. He is now recovering in a New York hospital, where he wrote the following close-up of the methods and mentality of his Japanese jailers.]

ON THE morning of December 20, 1941, almost two weeks after Pearl Harbor, half a dozen Japanese plain-clothes men came to my room in Shanghai's Hotel Metropole. This was no surprise, as the office of the *China Weekly Review* and the *China Press,* which I had edited for years, had already been sealed by the Japanese, and I knew they had old scores to settle with me.

After the gendarmes had searched the room and stuffed my papers into a suitcase, I was asked to go with them to police headquarters for questioning. The weather was cold, and had I known what was in store for me I would not have gone off in thin socks and a light overcoat.

The gendarmes drove me to a large apartment building known as the Bridge House, which the Japanese had secretly turned into a prison. While I was being questioned in an upstairs office, several other Americans and British were brought in. Everything I had in my pockets was taken from me, also my tie and belt. And I was allowed to keep only one handkerchief. History records many prisoners for whom ties, belts, or handkerchiefs knotted together meant escape from their sufferings—via suicide.

Then I was taken to the ground floor and shoved into the cell which was to be my home for the next two months, and which was to make me a cripple for the rest of my life. About thirty people were crowded into a space eighteen feet by twelve. They sat in packed rows on the floor. Most of them were Chinese, but among them was Rudolph Mayer, brother of the Hollywood producer. Mayer asked some of the Chinese to squeeze over, and I got a seat in the corner, where I could lean back against the wall. This was better than sitting hunched up in the middle of the room. Mayer laughed and told me that my place had belonged to a Korean who had died there of blood poisoning only the night before.

Soon I was taken upstairs to be questioned again. Through an interpreter an officer cross-examined me on my life history, especially the twenty-five years I had spent in China. This was the first of many grillings. They took place two or three times a week, often late at night, during the two months I was in Bridge House. Repeatedly the Japanese tried to force from me admissions that would connect me with the activities of American or British military intelligence. I was told papers had been found proving I had been paid $85,000 (Chinese) by our naval attaché, which was absurd.

My answers were taken down in Japanese on big sheets of paper, then folded into a sort of book the last page of which I was told to sign and fingerprint. I always asked the officer to summarize what he had written, and caught him in a number of deliberate falsifications. It would have been easy for him to make up some wild confession and insert it in the sheets that preceded my signature.

The examining officers were often insulting and arrogant, but I was never beaten. Compared with the silence, monotony, and filth of the cell to which I was returned each time, these arguments with officials were not unpleasant.

The ground-floor space that had once been shops in Bridge House was now a series of built-in cells separated from the apartments' walls by long narrow corridors. Into a dozen cells about five hundred men and women were jammed like sardines. On two sides of my cell were rows of thick wooden poles about two inches apart—twenty-five poles on one side, seventeen on the other; I think I must have counted them at least a million times.

All day and all night we sat on the hard wooden floor. We were terribly cold in our stocking feet. Our shoes had been taken from us, Japanese fashion, and stacked in the corridor outside. We were ordered to sit in regular rows with our knees drawn up, in order to pack more prisoners in and make counting them easier for the guards. Often there were so many people in the cell that some of them had to stand up.

We were forbidden to talk. If one man disobeyed that or some other rule, all of us in the cell were punished by being ordered to sit on our feet with our heads bowed. The Japanese learn to do this from childhood—which may explain why so many Japanese women are bowlegged—but for Europeans and Chinese it is torture. Some of the people in my cell, after sitting on their feet

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for a few hours, were unable to walk for several days afterward. And we had to sit facing toward Tokyo. So we called this punishment the "New Order Kneeling Posture."

It was impossible to keep the Chinese from talking, and the guards often caught them at it. When this happened, the offending persons were beaten. In fact, the Chinese prisoners were beaten continually. All through the night we could hear, from other cells, the screams of some poor wretch being punished for a real or fancied violation of the rules. A Chinese trusty who was caught smuggling in cigarettes was beaten so badly that he could not stand up for a week. Later he developed beri-beri and died in my cell. Another Chinese on whom some money had been found was taken out into the corridor and beaten until his face was a pulp and the guard's yard-long club only a splintered stump. I counted eighty-five blows.

No European was beaten that I know of. But once a friend managed to send me a thermos bottle of tea. I had only begun to drink it when the guard demanded the bottle back. I gulped as much as I could and passed it along to him. He ordered me to come up close to the hole in the door through which our food was given to us, reached in, and slapped my face hard.

Shanghai winters are cold, and there was no heat in the Bridge House. At about nine every night the guards brought us blankets, though never enough to go round. So there was always a fight for them. When it had quieted down, there would be groups of two to six prisoners who by huddling close together were able to cover themselves with one blanket. In the morning the blankets were taken away again. On some cold nights none were given out at all.

Our day began with the collection of the blankets. The next event was the dragging sound we heard down the corridor which meant that breakfast was coming our way. It was rice, distributed among us in bowls. We passed them round the cell in rotation. And this morning rice was good—warm and well salted. At noon and in the evening we had rice again, but it was cold and soggy, and evidently had stood a long time. Sometimes there were bits of herring in it—mostly the heads. Our greatest torment was thirst. Though we were given tea every day—so wretched that it was probably brewed from used leaves—we were never given water, and not once felt that we had had enough to drink.

The poor Chinese prisoners rioted several times because they were not allowed to receive any food from their friends outside. We foreigners were luckier, though the Japanese would not let canned goods into the building and, as we found out later, often helped themselves to what was sent to us. But we could not eat with a good appetite under the eyes of the starving Chinese, and many's the time I divided my sandwiches with them.

Worse even than the endless rice and thirst, or the monotony, or the days and nights of cramped sitting shoulder to shoulder with nothing to do, was the appalling filth of the place. We could never wash except on the rare occasions when we were taken out. In two months I had only three or four baths. The sanitary facilities were unspeakable. The cell, jammed with from twenty-five to forty people, was served by a single crude box in the corner in full view of the whole room. I soon learned the Japanese word for it—*beujo*. The *beujo* was emptied once a day from the outside, by a door which was kept locked lest some undersized, half-crazed prisoner should try to crawl out to liberty through it. Eventually we got used to the stench. But one thing we "foreigners" could never get used to. There were always several women in the cell. To make a screen for them, we would stand round the *beujo* with our backs to it.

A number of the men in our cell were suffering from venereal disease in its most repulsive forms. The Japanese gave them medical treatment openly, in the middle of the crowd, before the eyes of men and women alike. Only the most advanced and disgusting cases were thus treated.

Frequently the Chinese women in our cell were taken out for questioning. I never knew what happened, but often they would come back battered, bleeding, to lie sobbing quietly on the cold, filthy floor.

One of the European women was a Russian. Probably because she had been suddenly deprived of drugs, she screamed hysterically most of the night and was soon taken away.

The great majority of prisoners were Chinese. Some stayed with us only a few days; some had been there so long they had forgotten the charge against them. There was a boy of fifteen, accused of gun-running for the guerrillas. There were students, accused of various offenses against the Japanese. And to my surprise there were many Japanese prisoners among us too—soldiers hauled up for drunkenness, former employees of foreign firms from whom the police were trying to get information. They were treated no better than the rest of us. I saw a gendarme beat a Japanese soldier senseless. One of my cell mates was a retired British army officer. He suffered hideously from boils. I shall never forget how all through one long night he kept reciting, over and over again, the Lord's Prayer.

The filth was such in our germ-laden surroundings that there was an epidemic of boils. As a rule the Japanese paid no attention to pleas for treatment, but occasionally a medical attendant would bore into the boil with a pair of pliers. The treatment was worse than the disease. Standard Japanese medical service consisted of aspirin and mercurochrome. We got aspirin no matter

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what was wrong. Periodically a Japanese nurse would daub mercurochrome on sores and infections—if one managed to stop her as she went through the crowd with her tray.

A hangnail on one of my fingers became infected. Soon the finger swelled to twice normal size. As the wound was not open, mercurochrome did no good. After two weeks of pleading for treatment I was taken upstairs to the dispensary. Without using any anaesthetic, the Japanese military doctor trimmed all the skin off my finger with a pair of scissors. Then mercurochrome was put on it, and in time it was cured.

We had nothing to do but sit—or kneel facing Tokyo—or think about our woes or talk in low voices when we knew the guard was out of earshot. Occasionally someone would start a word game, but it did not get very far. We were not allowed anything to read. Once a copy of a Jewish refugee newspaper, printed in German, got into the cell as wrapping for some food. It was strange how eagerly it was looked at even by those who knew no German.

Occasionally in fine weather—perhaps a dozen times during my stay—small groups of us were taken out to the courtyard for a brief walk or Japanese army calisthenics. In this courtyard were cages in which the Japanese kept their trained police dogs. We would stop and make friends with the dogs, take their paws and shake hands with them. The dogs seemed to like us better than they did their Jap masters.

I said we had nothing to do. This is not quite true. All of us were busy many hours of the day hunting the lice in our clothes—which often had not been changed or washed for months. This louse hunt began in the morning after breakfast. Often we kept score. Rudolph Mayer usually won—with anywhere from sixty to one hundred. We foreigners couldn't eat the cold, soggy noonday rice, so we traded it to the Chinese in exchange for their services as expert delousers—a bowl of rice for one louse-free undershirt. To this day I cannot understand why typhus did not go through Bridge House like a prairie fire.

Not long after I was put in prison my feet began to hurt, especially the heels. I thought this was not surprising after squatting shoeless on a cold hardwood floor. But the pain got so bad that soon I was unable to put on my shoes when taken out for exercise or upstairs for questioning. Since there was nothing one could see, the Japanese doctor only laughed at me. Only once did I persuade the nurse to paint my heels with disinfectant, which of course did no good.

On February 26 I was taken from the Bridge House and with seven other foreigners transferred to the new prison at Kiangwan outside the city. We were given a haircut and a shave—my first in two months—and told that we were to face a court martial on the charge of espionage.

Kiangwan consisted of solitary cells. Mine was about five by ten. There was no bed, and as the building was unheated and the cement still damp, I suffered from lying on the cold floor. High up on one wall was a small barred window, but I had not the strength to chin myself on the ledge nor could I jump high enough to look out through it.

Conditions were a little better at Kiangwan. There was seaweed with the rice, the tea was more drinkable, and I got more food from the outside, though usually it arrived frozen and I had by this time very little appetite. When the weather was good, we were taken out to the bath house, and sat four or five of us together in big vats of hot water. We were also given tooth brushes, which hung on a rack labeled with our names. As the names were written in Japanese, the tooth brushes soon became scrambled, but we were past caring. We could communicate with each other by knocking on the walls, but never worked out a code any farther than the dot-dot-dot-dash of V for victory. Sitting alone in my cell I made up an endless poem about the Japanese, but I have forgotten most of the stanzas.

My cell of course had the familiar stinking *beujo* in one corner. After a week in Kiangwan my feet were in such bad shape that I could only get to it by rolling along the floor.

I complained to the guard about my feet every chance I got. After about three weeks a couple of Japanese military doctors came in to look at me and gave me a hypodermic. My feet had definitely turned purple.

A month after I was taken to Kiangwan I was taken out again, on a stretcher, and driven to the Shanghai General Hospital, where my friend Dr. W. H. Gardiner took care of me and I was tended by French Franciscan nuns. My feet had literally rotted away, and were so numb that an anaesthetic was used only once. Amputation was made easier by a bone dropping out here, a toe crumbling off there. I had four transfusions.

The Japanese were constantly coming in to photograph me. I told them to take a picture of my feet, amputated close to the heel, but they refused. For these pictures they made me cover up my hands, which were only skin and bone. Dr. Gardiner told me I looked like King Tut, with the skin on my face so tight that it wouldn't quite close around my teeth.

In June, thanks to pressure from friends and newspapermen in America, I was allowed to leave, along with other Americans exchanged for Japanese held in this country.

Another ten days in Japanese prisons, says my doctor, and I would not be here to tell this tale of the filth, stupidity, and inhumanity meted out by our enemies to those unlucky enough to get into their clutches.

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Washington Letter

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 4

I AM not one of Justice Byrnes's most fervent admirers and remember him chiefly in connection with editorials I used to write demanding that, as chairman of the Senate's Audit and Control Committee, he stop trying to choke off the La Follette investigation. But I am inclined to think that the President made a good choice in appointing Byrnes as Director of Economic Stabilization. The job is a difficult one and requires stepping on many people's toes. A middle-of-the-roader was needed, a man acceptable to an overwhelming majority of the people. Byrnes is an able man; his record on the court, as it was in Congress, has been a mixed one—far from reactionary, though hardly to be termed liberal. In Congress he supported the President in the court fight, and on the court he wrote the decision in the New York teamsters' case, holding that the anti-racketeering statute was not intended to apply to labor-union activities. The President's executive order seems wisely flexible, especially as regards wages. Much will depend on the way Byrnes tries to administer it, and he deserves the cooperation and forbearance of all sections of the community in his new task.

The press corps is unanimous in its opinion of the President's attitude on his return from his tour of production. Mr. Roosevelt has been understandably resentful in the past of the treatment accorded him by part of the press, but what he showed on his return was not merely annoyance with the anti-New Dealers—the Frank Kents, David Lawrences, and Mark Sullivans—but really with any criticism whatever. This was clear in his remarks on Congress. He mentioned the price bill only in response to a question. The criticism the President himself volunteered was that Congress was hurting the war effort by investigating things involving military or technical matters not explainable to a lay mind. This was a reference to investigating committees like those under Senators Truman, Gillette, and Bone, and with all due respect to Mr. Roosevelt, it was dangerous nonsense. The brass hats who thought Russia would not last a month, the dollar-a-year men who supposed that we had plenty of aluminum capacity, the chemists who forgot what their elementary textbooks on organic chemistry told them about rubber from alcohol should not be exempted from the curiosity and common sense of representatives of the people in Congress. The best example of the need for constant investigation and checking is the ease with which they deceived the President himself in February, 1941, when he said talk of a steel shortage was "a deliberate lie." At that very time Under Secretary of War Patterson and Admiral Land, as both later testified, were worried over shortages of structural steel and steel plate. Let Mr. Roosevelt blush that off. Let him also remember that he did not think the technicalities of constitutional law too difficult for the people's comprehension when he wanted to fight the Supreme Court. The technicalities of production and military supply are no more difficult, and no less important to our lives and destinies. We need more, not less, democratic discussion of them.

One often hears it said by those third- and fourth-rank officials to whom the President referred so disparagingly that the White House sometimes seems poorly informed on what is actually going on. This was evident last spring when Mr. Roosevelt issued a statement saying that production quotas were so far ahead of schedule that schedules would be revised upward. At that very time, as the weekly confidential WPB production reports showed and no newspaperman dared print, several basic production quotas were sagging badly. Some of them are still sagging. I can find no official who thinks that we are reaching 94 to 95 per cent of our goals or who believes that, as Mr. Roosevelt said, there seems to be no appreciable shortage of aluminum at the present time. No newspaperman here thinks the President's victory-program message meant that he wanted a production *rate* of 60,000 planes a month by December rather than 60,000 planes this year. Statements of this kind reflect (1) the President's dislike for hearing unpleasant things from the men around him, (2) the fact that for this reason and for reasons of their own prestige these men tend to put their work in as optimistic a light as possible, and (3) that he doesn't like to be too candid about facts which reflect upon his own capacity as President.

This explains his sudden outburst of pique over recent speeches by Elmer Davis, General Somervell, and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ralph K. Bard which stressed our shortcomings and struck a note of invigorating realism and warning. All these speeches were cleared by the Office of War Information under Elmer Davis's wise policy of giving the public more truth and less pap. The people who greeted the President with deserved warmth and affection during his tour seemed to like these speeches, judging from the response by mail and tele-

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gram here and from the reaction of the audiences before which they were given. The American people are adults; they can take it. Their morale is not going to be built up by the kind of false information given in the Associated Press dispatch from Detroit on the President's visit. The President at Willow Run, the A. P. said, "saw sheet aluminum going into one end of quarter-mile-long assembly lines and four-motored B-24 bombers ready to fly away at the other." The President passed this dispatch but told his press conference that Willow Run was not yet in production, though nearly ready to go.

May I say a special word of praise for one of the men the President criticized? A year ago in *PM* I attacked Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ralph K. Bard. He was making a bad labor record, and I dug up connections he had in the past with the radio program of the Crusaders and the Johnstown Citizens' Committee. He is an industrial banker from Chicago, and I want now to stand up and testify that he has not only been making good speeches—that is comparatively easy—but has brought about a new atmosphere of confidence and cooperation between the Navy Department and the very unions which were bitterly critical of him a year ago. When more people of such widely different backgrounds and interests learn to work together for the good of our country, we shall be on the road to victory. My hat is off to Mr. Bard.

After Stalingrad

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

AS THE bloodiest struggle in history reaches a climax at Stalingrad, the time has come for a careful evaluation of the position of the United Nations, and especially of Russia, in the fourth year of the war.

The fighting on the Russian front has been enormously expensive. The war in the east has long since become one of attrition rather than movement through the deliberate Russian choice of retreat rather than annihilation when non-vital objectives were involved. This has forced Hitler to fight an immensely costly series of engagements at the end of long lines of communication. And the nature of the country has made the destruction of the opposing army the only possibility for a knockout blow. This objective, sedulously sought by Hitler along an entire front in 1941, has scarcely been attempted in 1942. The Germans have tried instead to defeat Russia mainly by occupying its territory and depriving it of certain raw materials.

In both military and industrial attrition the Wehrmacht has been very successful. About one-half of European Russia has now been occupied, and while this area is only about one-sixteenth of the entire Soviet Union it includes the more important industrial and agricultural areas. A third of the population, a third of the food supply, two-thirds of the coal, iron, and steel, and numerous important centers of industry are in German hands. Others are gravely threatened, and their usefulness has been greatly impaired. Also the Germans have gained some oil and manganese, both of which they need desperately.

The German shortage of man-power, the consistent and thorough scorched-earth policy of the evacuating armies, and possibly transportation difficulties have kept many Russian losses from being at the same time German gains. Nevertheless, the position of Russia today is similar to that in which the United States would find itself if New England, the Middle Atlantic states, and Ohio were in enemy hands, and Detroit was so endangered as to be valueless industrially. In that case we should still retain much economic and military strength, but with the principal shipyards and steel centers and many of the main airplane plants in enemy hands, our ability to carry on war would be, to say the least, considerably reduced. News dispatches have recently contained painful reports that the Red Army in some sectors has been suffering from the lack of equipment consequent on such industrial defeats. Even though whole industries have been moved eastward to resume operations in new centers, the time required to effect the change was bound to cause a considerable loss in productive efficiency.

Losses of man-power have been equally serious. The recently suggested figure of five million men captured or killed is certainly no exaggeration. The Russian retreat to the Volga and the southern Caucasus after the German break-through at Kursk was a costly move, even though we need not accept Hitler's claim that seventy-five Russian divisions were destroyed. It is worthy of note, however, that 1942 has seen no such destruction of the best Soviet units by blitzkrieg warfare as the Germans accomplished during the summer and fall of 1941. The Russians have been losing men heavily but with greater damage to the enemy than a year ago.

Too little attention has been given to the loss of morale resulting from the failure of the British and Americans to undertake a second front in 1942 and to suffer with

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their allies. The Russians correctly feel that they are bearing the brunt of the war and cannot appreciate either the eagerness of the British and American public to see a new front opened or the very large difficulties of logistics which a major invasion effort would encounter at present.

Germany has meanwhile paid a heavy price for its eastern victories. In addition to troop losses certainly equal to those suffered by the imperial armies in the First World War, it has sacrificed some degree of prestige and severely strained its economic system. The shortage of labor must be infinitely greater in Germany than here. More serious has been the devastation of industrial districts by British and, to a very limited degree, American bombing.

In any study of this year's battle on the eastern front two things stand out clearly. First, both the Red Army and the Wehrmacht are markedly weaker than a year ago. Neither has had sufficient reserves of material and manpower to attempt a full-scale offensive along the entire front. Instead, each has pursued limited objectives, with the Germans retaining the initiative and showing an amazing ability to overcome transportation troubles. The weakening, however, has not been equal, and the Russians, as has already been noted, are showing the effect of the loss of vital industrial territory in occasional shortages of weapons, while the Germans have not as yet evidenced any deficiencies of this sort.

Second, it is certain that Hitler will fail to accomplish his main objectives of the year. In April he expected to destroy the Red Army. When this attempt failed, he directed his attention to the Caucasus and later to severing communication lines between southern and central Russia. At most not over two months of passably good fighting weather remain to him before winter checks operations everywhere but in the extreme south. An advance upon Moscow from the south would encounter intense weather difficulties as well as enormously strong resistance. The advance in the Caucasus has been greatly slowed down and faces extremely arduous terrain in the coming weeks. Since neither the Luftwaffe nor the loss of Novorossisk has knocked out the Black Sea fleet, an attempt to reach the Baku oil fields by a sea-borne invasion south of the Caucasus does not offer much chance of success.

It is only in this region that the German armies have even come close to their goal. All the direct railway lines by which Baku oil normally travels north have now been severed, and German success in reaching the Volga has knocked out a long stretch of that stream as a line of transport. Under these conditions it is apparent that the main Soviet problem will soon be oil. Caucasus oil in small quantities can still be sent north by a combination of shipping across the Caspian and indirect railway transport. Some reserves have probably been stored, and new fields directly west of the Urals are unquestionably being developed. Russian shortages, not only of oil but of food, raw materials, and men, are being brushed aside all too confidently by American and especially British commentators.

Nevertheless, when Hitler's September 30 speech is read in connection with the Russian campaign it becomes apparent that victory has once more eluded the Third Reich and that Germany, for the first time in the present war, faces a well-defined threat of defeat. For with the gains of the last two months in Atlantic shipping, an Anglo-American invasion of Western Europe is passing out of the pipe-dream stage.

Even before Hitler's speech a new line of strategy was obviously being considered by the Germans. Stated briefly, the most likely German procedure in the months ahead will be to consolidate territory taken in the east and to avoid paying too heavy a price for any further conquests. The supply department will certainly be better prepared against the weather than it was last year. Much of the Luftwaffe will be transferred to the west, where the people of the Rhineland have already been promised added air protection and a quick resumption of offensive air war. Many divisions will also be sent to France and the Netherlands.

If this plan is adopted, the Soviet Union will continue to be a vital factor, for Germany will be gambling on the inability of the depleted, under-equipped Red Army to undertake an offensive with real punch in it. Their gamble would not necessarily be unwise, since the present war, which has witnessed prodigies of endurance and valor in defensive fighting by the Soviets, has not seen a single Russian offensive which has possessed the quick-moving, hard-hitting, decisive character of the German blitzkrieg.

The European phase of the war thus has several encouraging features. Unless the German armies in the very limited time remaining before winter are able to perform miracles, 1943 will see them forced either to adopt a defensive in the east in order to be ready to meet invasion in the west or to concentrate in one section of Europe only at the risk of disaster elsewhere. This more favorable outlook should not blind Americans to the problems ahead. We must win at sea and hold our dominance in the air. Russia must be kept well supplied. Finally, unless our military tactics and leadership have improved greatly, green American troops and often defeated British, even with superior air power, may prove far from equal to Hitler's veterans. What the Russian front provides is simply an opportunity to gain the initiative if we act with speed and force. We must not lose sight of the fact that the Axis is still winning the war and that we have not yet reached the turning-point which precedes the long road to victory. There are merely indications that it may not lie far ahead.

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Workers in Uniform

BY HAROLD MAGER

AMERICA is moving toward an acute man-power crisis as our war effort mounts steadily in volume and power. We are now beginning to scrape the bottom of the man-power barrel for the precious human fuel that feeds the war machine. Paul V. McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission, admitted as much the other day in testimony before the Tolan committee investigating national defense migration. Mr. McNutt declared that "the continued success of voluntary efforts cannot be assured, and we are moving rapidly into a situation where the government must intervene increasingly in the labor market." Labor conscription, he warned, was "inevitable."

There is a strong likelihood that before the end of 1943 the number of soldiers in uniform will be matched by the number of workers in uniform. We have made the first beginnings. The government has already asserted its right to dispose of the services of its more than two million employees in any way it sees fit; and the War Manpower Commission, working closely with Selective Service, has ordered miners in twelve Western states to remain on the job, unless released by the United States Employment Service, on pain of reclassification by their local draft boards. Senator Austin of Vermont has just introduced a "work or fight" bill giving broad powers to the director of Selective Service to order the activities of all persons from eighteen to sixty-five who are deferred from military service.

The attainment of goals set for 1943 will require an upheaval in traditional modes of work and living such as the nation has never experienced before. In the first place, the entire labor force of the country (inclusive of the armed forces) must expand from 57,000,000 in June, 1942, to 62,500,000 by December, 1943. If this were the only change required, it would be no small achievement, for no competent economist in the field has ever placed the number of new entrants that could be absorbed in a year at more than 3,500,000. The really astounding change, however, will take place *within* the existing labor force. The estimated addition of about 4,000,000 workers to war industries and an equal number to the armed forces, coupled with replacements for essential work and transfers from non-essential to essential work, will require the placing of 18,000,000 persons in *new* jobs. At least 11,000,000 workers will have to be trained for semi-skilled work of some kind. In the coming year the labor map of America will be completely transformed. Not only must this tremendous expansion be achieved, but sources of additional man-power must be explored, labor mobility increased, and labor pirating prevented.

The shortage of man-power has been felt particularly in agriculture, where prodigious increases in production have been called for in spite of a continually dwindling supply of able-bodied farm hands. The production goals for 1942 stagger the imagination. According to Fred S. Wallace, chief of the Agricultural Adjustment Agency, the farmers this year have undertaken to increase the production of milk over the 1935-39 average by an amount sufficient to float every battleship, aircraft carrier, cruiser, destroyer, and submarine in the United States navy; of meat, to lay a seven-lane highway one inch thick from New York to San Francisco; of eggs, to form a double line reaching from the earth to the moon; of canned fruit, to form a row of cases bridging the Atlantic between New York and Liverpool; of canned vegetables, to form a double row of cases stretching across the Pacific from Los Angeles to Vladivostok. I repeat, these are merely the *increases* in production. Meanwhile, farmers are not only being called to the colors but are leaving the land for better-paying jobs in war plants, while those that remain are unable to count upon an adequate supply of migratory workers for the harvest and are using agricultural machinery that is poorer than last year's and will be still worse next year.

This vast kaleidoscope of labor shifting and relocation cannot be left to the ordinary mechanism of supply and demand. The allocation of labor resources should no more be controlled by the operation of blind market forces than the allocation of materials in short supply. We have reached a stage where it is necessary to institute labor priorities, control labor inventories, and expedite labor mobility by breaking down transportation bottlenecks. Otherwise we shall not attain our 1943 production goals.

There is much that can be done before we introduce conscription of labor. We are approaching, to be sure, an absolute shortage, but certain existing local shortages could be quickly overcome if the government tackled the problem in earnest. While thirty-five major centers of war production, including Los Angeles, Seattle, Detroit, Buffalo, and Philadelphia, are now suffering from a serious lack of workers, hundreds of communities throughout the country have large pools of unemployed. Wendell Lund, director of the Labor Production Division of the War Production Board, testified before the

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Tolan committee on September 17 that New York City alone had half a million unemployed workers—probably an inflated figure but worth mentioning because of the authority of the source. Are men ready to pick up and migrate to the centers of war production? If the labor migrations of the past two years are not sufficient evidence, look at the thousands who stormed the recruiting offices of the Kaiser Shipbuilding Company in New York City a few days ago, ready to cross the country to Oregon.

The first task is to establish a genuine national labor market to replace the network of local labor markets that dot the country: labor reserves are widely scattered, while the demand in industry is highly concentrated. This task can be accomplished only by taking the United States Employment Service out of local politics. The Employment Service should be the central agency for recruiting and placing labor. Unfortunately, it is handicapped by a provision of the Labor Department–Federal Security Agency Appropriations Act for 1943 which calls for a return to state control after the war. The effect of this clause is to keep some, though by no means all, of the state directors over-dependent on local interests. To insure labor mobility—a particularly pressing problem now that gasoline and rubber rationing has curtailed the range of the jalopies—the government, through the Employment Service, should provide workers and their families with transportation to their new place of employment.

Secondly, the President's anti-discrimination policy in employment should be strictly enforced. One method of doing this would be to turn over all hiring to the Employment Service. A simpler method—one that requires no additional legislation—would be for the government to exercise its power to direct the hiring practices of government contractors. The time has come to give substance to what has so far been simply a high moral ideal.

Third, labor-utilization experts should be assigned to large war plants to devise means of increasing labor productivity. This does not mean speed-up. It does mean that those plants which have a surplus of skilled labor—and there are many such—should be compelled to disgorge. This is no time for labor hoarding with an eye to the peace. Labor-utilization experts might also serve on labor-management production committees to promote training programs, the upgrading of unskilled workers into skilled workers, and the breaking down of complicated jobs into simpler functions. Increasing productivity is one of the important ways of adding to our labor supply. Many more bombers will come off the assembly lines now that the necessary man-hours for construction have been reduced from 75,000 to 18,000.

These are things that can be done now. They do not have to wait upon conscription. The broader problem, however, will soon demand solution. The government agencies responsible for the allocation of our human resources are giving it earnest consideration. If the Austin "work or fight" bill is not killed in committee, Congress too will have to consider the problem. At this time it is important for the American people to be made aware of its transcendent importance. Unless they get behind such a measure, it is not likely to be passed by Congress; and unless it is passed, we shall hardly be able to achieve the goals we have set for 1943.

Without passing on the merits of the Austin bill, one may enumerate the basic principles which such legislation should embody if labor is not to find itself in chains. These principles were first enunciated in the "Essential Work Order" providing for the mobilization of labor in Great Britain. First, where workers are assigned by the government to specific work, the standards of wages and employment should in no case be less favorable than those agreed upon between trade unions and employers. Second, every worker must be guaranteed a minimum wage not less than his normal wage as long as he is capable of and available for work during normal working hours. Third, no worker may give up his job and no employer may discharge a worker without permission of the proper governmental authorities, subject to the right of appeal to a local committee on which workers and employers are represented.

The inclusion of these principles is not intended merely as a *quid pro quo* for labor. They are vital to the very existence of a free working force. While the times may decree that labor give ground to a dangerous extent, they don't decree that it throw all protection to the winds.

In the Wind

ASKED BY a reporter from the Washington *Post* what he thought about the coming elections, Patrick Henry Drewry, chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee in Congress, said sharply, "There are no issues in this Congressional campaign."

THE "VOTE FOR VICTORY" supplement to the *New Republic* lists Clare Boothe Luce as a Socialist candidate for Congress.

THE C. I. O. UNION for shipbuilding workers recently held a convention in New York and protested, among other things, against the government's deportation proceedings against Harry Bridges. The headline of the Houston (Texas) *Chronicle's* report of the convention read: "Bridges Deportation Is Approved by Union."

FROM A STORY in *Woman,* a British *Ladies' Home Journal*: "While she talked he saw in the line of her chin, in the sweep of her brows, and in the wide set of her eyes why she was the sportswear buyer for a great merchandising house."

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POLITICAL WAR EDITED BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Behind the Enemy Lines

[*Any strategy of political war, to be effective, must keep close watch upon the twists and turns of the enemy's thinking. In introducing as a permanent feature of the Political War section a column devoted to analysis of the Axis leaders' most revealing statements, we give first place to Dr. Goebbels, the chief engineer of Axis propaganda.*]

ONCE Dr. Joseph Goebbels wanted to be a great writer. Today he commands a thousand pens. When he wishes to propagate an idea, a brigade of writers marches into action. Nevertheless, he has not quite renounced his old ambition. Once a week he takes up his pen. In each issue of the weekly *Das Reich* appears a column signed with his name. These weekly sermons provide the only authentic contact we still have with the members of the Nazi government. They are therefore, unintentionally, of some value as a source of information. An experienced analyst can often deduce from them what is going on in the heads of the ruling Nazis and in the heads of the German people.

The mid-September column was informative through its mere choice of theme. "It is understandable," the Minister began, "that the question how long the war will last should be posed ever more eagerly." Here is authentic news that the German people are "eagerly" asking this question, so eagerly that the highest German morale official feels obliged to take up the matter in his paper.

Of course he has no answer to it. "There is no definite answer. . . . Experience teaches us that often peace does not come when it seems near, and just as often is suddenly here when it was still scarcely expected." Expressed more concretely: in 1940 you were unpleasantly surprised by the continuation of the war; is it not possible, then, that you will be pleasantly surprised by its sudden end?

We can leave aside the question whether many readers will be encouraged by this vague prospect. The core of the statement is that the war's long duration is a subject of talk in Germany and that an early end to it is "still scarcely expected" by the oppressed people. This reminds us that popular psychology in a war is determined not only by successes or failures, by the prospect of victory or defeat, but also by the mere duration of the war. Its length becomes an independent factor in morale. For Germans, who have really been in the war since 1933, its endless prolongation probably begins to be more irritating than anything else.

The column affords us a glance not only at the mood of the German people but also at that of the government. After Goebbels has tried to offer some comfort for the length of the war, he speaks of its outcome in terms that are well worth noting. Of course everything will come out well—and why are we sure of that? Here he becomes really interesting. For he develops a theory known internationally in the First World War as the "Faust pawn theory." He even uses the same word—*Faustpfand*—that from 1916 on was so often in the mouths of Bethmann-Hollweg and Hertling. In those days the theory ran as follows: We have seized a huge amount of the enemy's territory; that is the pawn which he must redeem from us. Even if we should not be strong enough to win new victories, this pawn guarantees the result. The conquered territories are an article of exchange with which we shall always be able to negotiate a profitable peace.

Exactly the same argument is advanced by Goebbels now. Nothing is so stupid, he says, as the English thesis that a country can lose the battles but win the war. No; battles win territory, and conquered territory becomes the "Faust pawn in the hand of the victor. We possess so many of these pawns that we do not need to be anxious about the outcome of the war. The final victor will be the one who in the last round holds the greatest number of pawns."

Experience shows that in the final round the pawns may be snatched from the hand that holds them—that is the flaw in the theory. But that is not important. What is important is the disclosure that the idea of using conquered territory as a pawn has occurred to Goebbels—and that means to the Nazi regime. For this is a theory on which one leans only when the luck has turned. Only those who no longer seriously believe in complete victory consider the next best alternative: after all, we still have the pawns and we can use them for trading. Two years ago it would not have occurred to the Hitler government for a moment to talk about the outcome of the war in terms of the pawn theory. That Goebbels has now done so, if only in a couple of sentences, is a striking indication of how Berlin's ruling group assesses the war situation.

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The Spider of Ankara

DEVELOPMENTS in Russia are again bringing Turkey into the front line of the political struggle. While the danger of a German attack comes closer day by day, Turkey continues to hold to its policy of "active neutrality." Instead, for instance, of capitulating to German demands for the right of transit and the passage of the Dardanelles, Turkey has sent reinforcements to its eastern frontiers. All demands which represent an encroachment on its sovereignty have so far been rejected. On the other hand Turkey takes great care not to antagonize Hitler. Leading Turks attend Papen's ever more frequent parties, dubbed "propaganda with Rhine wine." And Papen reports to his chief that he is winning the Turkish heart.

When President Inönü made Saraçoglu Prime Minister, one read between the lines of the German press: "At last an opportunist who will be led into the right path by our successes." But Saraçoglu signed the pact of friendship with Berlin only because it served his country. Military decisions had to be postponed at all costs at that time. So with Menemençoglu, who has taken over the Foreign Office. In the opinion of *Free Europe* (London) his direction of it will be solely in the interests of Turkey.

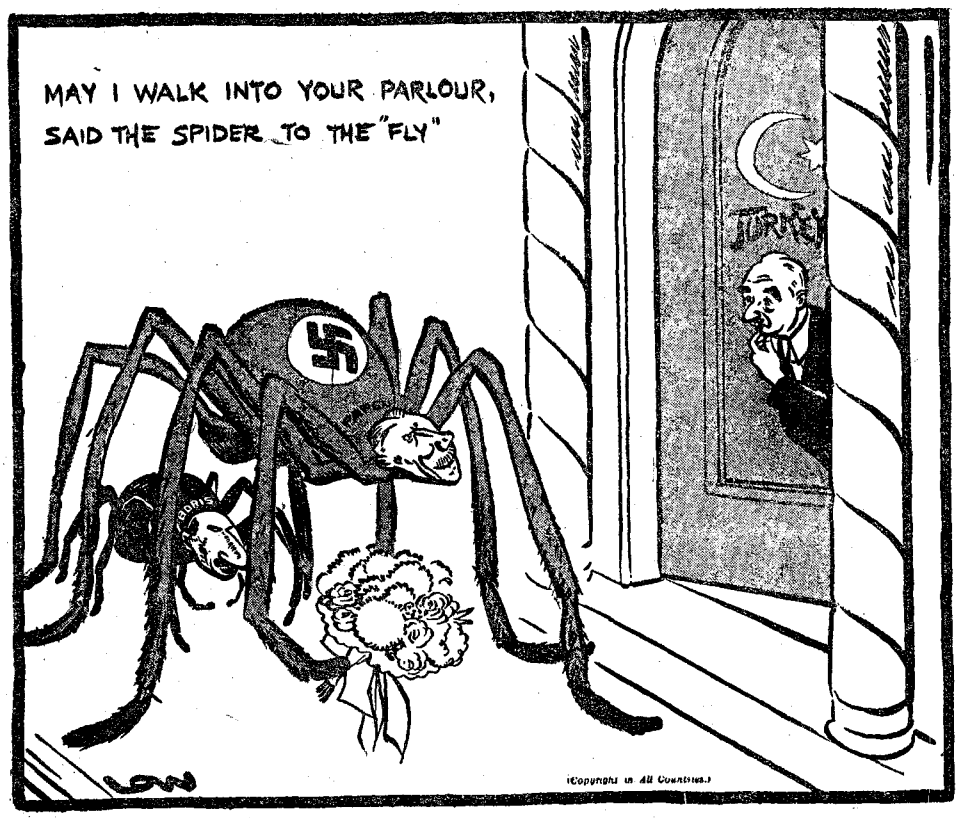
One of Papen's few real successes has been to effect a breach in the Turkish press. When journalists from Ankara and Istanbul recently visited London, no representation of *Cumhuriyet,* the widely read daily, was included. Only two years ago its London correspondent was able to send it a personal message from Churchill. Now it seems completely under Goebbels's thumb.

Pro-Ally Turks are deeply concerned about the continued abuse of diplomatic immunity by those two headquarters of espionage, the German embassy at Ankara and the German consulate at Alexandretta. Under the management of the notorious Middle East specialist, Ernst Grobba, trained German fifth-columnists —Arab followers of El Hussein, ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, and Indian followers of Subhas Bose—are being sent from the Sanjak on their various assignments. And in Turkey itself plotting goes on incessantly. Ludwig Moyzisch is Gestapo chief. His official designation is "commercial attaché," which makes him the subordinate of Herr Jenke, whose wife, Ribbentrop's sister, is the chief wire-puller in all the Nazi intrigues in Ankara. The excellent Turkish secret police also keep a watchful eye on Victor Friede, representative of the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft. It was Friede who proposed that Germany supply Turkey with rolling stock and aircraft. This would have opened a previously closed frontier to an army of Nazi technicians—and others.

However, Turkey has so far preferred to buy its locomotives from England and its fighting aircraft from America. It also gets wheat from the British Empire. The Allies show every understanding of Turkey's supply problems.

Mr. Steinhardt, the United States ambassador, is the most popular foreign diplomat in Ankara. Turkey's inclusion in the Lease-Lend Act was his work. But the political value of his popularity, or of that of the Allies in general, should not be exaggerated. It was the same in Bulgaria and the same in Rumania. The majority of the population was against Germany. But that did not mean anything when the governments were forced at the point of the gun to march with Berlin.

In the case of Turkey the chief danger lies in the fact that its leadership, as a whole, is extremely weak. There is no one who has inherited the political genius or the courage of Kemal Ataturk. It is with rather small people that Papen has to deal, and he knows it. For the moment, he continues to rely on flattery and money. But should there be a major disaster in Russia, his love songs would give way to a threatening roar.



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The Road to Lublin

BY MAX MANDELLAUB

"WHAT will happen to us now?" a Spanish refugee asked. He had served in the French army, and we met him on the day of the armistice somewhere on a road in France.

"Happen to us?" said my Austrian comrade; "we'll all die in Lublin."

"Lublin?"

"Don't you know that place in Poland on the Bistritza River where the Nazis are concentrating thousands of Jews for death?" The Austrian was a bald, fat little fellow with great spectacles on his nose. For months during the retreat he repeated constantly, half ironically and half tragically, "Why are we running in the wrong direction? We'll have to go all the way back for our final destination—Lublin."

News from France now confirms the prophetic words of the fat little Austrian. Thousands of refugees have been arrested, both in occupied and unoccupied France. During the last days of August twenty-five thousand were arrested and concentrated near Lyons. The Paris round-up gave Hitler thirty thousand victims. More than three hundred Jews committed suicide in a few days. Twelve thousand from the occupied zone and ten thousand from the unoccupied are said to have been deported already. They took a thousand from the concentration camp of Gurs, a thousand from Les Milles, seven hundred from Rivesaltes, and seven hundred from Le Vernet. For years these men have been under continual threat; directly under the control of the Nazi Armistice Commission, they have been held ready for the final tragedy—deportation to the east. There are more than a hundred thousand Spanish Loyalist refugees still in France who face the same fate.

We have watched with monstrous impassivity the dénouement of this drama. There have been some feeble protests, some brief announcements in the press—nothing more. Since the collapse of France everyone has known that there were still thousands of human beings who sooner or later would be victims of Hitler's sadism. Everyone has known that France could no longer offer protection. The most one could expect was isolated acts of solidarity from the French people.

When we read that some high officials of the Catholic church in France have made declarations in favor of the refugees, we must realize that this is not enough to save them. When we are told that 50 per cent of the refugees have found asylum in private homes, that French gendarmes have been dismissed for refusing to execute orders of arrest, or that public demonstrations have broken out spontaneously in many cities, we must doubt the effectiveness of such reactions. It is dangerous to emphasize them for fear they may create the impression that a solution can be found inside France and that we in this country need do nothing.

The French people have been psychologically and politically prepared for a long time to tolerate inhuman measures against the refugees. The gendarme who now receives from Hitler, through Laval, an order to arrest these helpless, miserable people is the same one who guarded the Spanish refugees in inhuman concentration camps in France after the Loyalist defeat, the same one who arrested thousands of victims of Hitler's terror on the day the war against Hitler broke out the same who arrested tens of thousands of Italian anti-fascists the very day that the common enemy of these anti-fascists and of France stabbed the republic in the back. The French people have been witnesses of this inhuman, cruel, and stupid policy. Why should they be surprised that these permanent, notorious "undesirables" are again arrested, this time by order of Laval? Hitler's political machine works punctually to eliminate all possible isolated reactions of a dominated, terrorized population against Laval's man-hunt. These men, "the scum of the earth," have been hunted from country to country, from city to city, from concentration camp to concentration camp. Some of them tried to escape, to cross the Swiss border or, if they were not Spaniards, the Spanish border. Neither Franco nor the federal police in Berne wanted them.

When the enemies of the Spanish democracy were in danger, various embassies in Madrid opened wide their doors to give refuge to the friends of Franco's rebellion. Many embassies rented whole blocks in order to be able to protect, under the cover of diplomatic immunity, the greatest possible number of the enemies of liberty in Spain. The Jews and the friends of democracy in France have found no open door in any embassy.

International law permitted thousands of soldiers—French, Polish, Senegalese, and Spahis—to find asylum for months, some of them until now, in neutral Switzerland. Thus more than fifty thousand men avoided becoming prisoners of the Nazis. These new prisoners of Hitler are civilian refugees, some political, some not, and for them there is no law of asylum. Franco's soldiers on the Pyrenees watch the mountains, ready to fire and to kill. Switzerland, the home of the International Red Cross, has been indifferent and terribly "neutral" toward refugees who are threatened by deportation and

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Leaders and People

History will show Winston Churchill at his best on the day he flew over the Channel to propose to Paul Reynaud that Great Britain and France merge in a national union. In making this revolutionary proposal he assumed a responsibility that no other Prime Minister would have dared to risk. He allowed neither tradition nor constitutional considerations to stand in his way. He went to France without even summoning Parliament, knowing that if he should succeed in saving France and reducing the danger of a Hitler victory, an immense majority of the British people would support him.

Churchill's act stands as a symbol today. Now, even more than in 1940, what the British, the Americans, and all free men want is to win this war. The issue is one of life or death, and they do not care if traditions, prejudices, even laws go by the board. This puts in the hands of the leaders of the United Nations a tremendous power with a corresponding responsibility—a responsibility that can be honorably discharged only if they really are conducting a peoples' war for a peoples' victory.

death. The guard on the border around Geneva and the Jura has been reinforced. Many fugitives who entered in spite of this have been sent back.

Have we not our share of responsibility? What have we waited for so long? For miracles? For clemency—clemency from Hitler and his lackeys? For more than two years these unfortunates have implored us for visas. A bureaucracy without comprehension of the situation has prolonged the procedure with every increase of danger, often refused to grant a visa. A limited number only have succeeded in leaving France. Those who had no money or personal friends or relatives abroad seldom had even a chance to fill out an application. They waited for the day of their crucifixion. That day has come. Soldiers with fixed bayonets watch the newly established concentration camps; livestock cars are ready to deport them.

Is there really no way at this very last moment to save those who have not yet been deported? Could they not be given provisory visas and held at Ellis Island or some other place where they could be investigated? Could they not be allowed to find refuge for a few months in the numerous embassies still existing in France?

Of course a thousand imperative reasons will be invoked against this, and Hitler will once more have his prey. If these new slaves can still hate, they will not know against whom to turn the greater share of their hatred—the executioner or the friends who let them die.

"Political War"

> "I urge you not to minimize the situation, not to let expense or usual duties influence your response. *This is war.*"
> —Edward Babcock, president of the National Council of Farmers Cooperatives, as quoted by Drew Pearson, October 1, 1942.

And this is the spirit that will win the war. But what war is Mr. Babcock talking about? Not, alas, the war against Hitler. Mr. Babcock's war is the one which has been conducted in Congress against the President's anti-inflation measure by one of the largest and most highly mechanized lobbies in history.

Like the Battle of Stalingrad, the Battle of Congress has swayed back and forth for days and weeks. As of October 1, the Russians are falling back, but the farm lobby has managed to advance American living costs by 4 per cent and the morning paper carries the rousing headline: "FARM BLOC LEADER CALLS IT VICTORY."

Inflation, Heil!

A Vote Against the Axis

IN FORCING the vote by which the Chamber of Deputies asked the Argentine government to break relations with the Axis, the Socialists and Radicals were well aware that nothing immediate would happen; Castillo has the solid backing of the Senate in his pro-Nazi policy. But the opposition deputies had two important objectives: First, they wanted to make the Chamber the symbol and perhaps the last trench of Argentine democratic resistance. Castillo may suppress one paper after another and order his police to charge on the crowds that shout "Down with Hitler" in the street, but for the moment he cannot easily dissolve Congress. Second, they wanted to force the Senate to accept the odium of vetoing this most popular act of the Chamber of Deputies.

The pro-Axis policy of the Castillo administration continues to have a most unfortunate effect on the rest of Latin America. Not only does Argentine neutrality make a mockery of inter-continental solidarity, but the greatest South American power has been converted into the headquarters for all the Nazi agents formerly active in Brazil, Colombia, and Central America.

National Unity in Rio

THEIR patriotic feelings aroused by the entrance of their country into war, and in response to an official appeal for national unity, several prominent Brazilian refugees living in Buenos Aires and Montevideo went to Rio to offer the government their services. Among them were Jorge Amado, the well-known writer, and Mayor Sisson, former general secretary of the Alliança Nacional Libertadora. All of them were promptly imprisoned on the famous island of Das Cobras. Two months earlier General Flores da Cunha, associate of Getulio Vargas before he became dictator and former governor of Rio Grande do Sul, met with the same reception.

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Beat the Dunderheads

BY ROBERT BENDINER

IF YOU had a servant who went about the house muttering that the most dangerous enemies of this country were not Hitler and Mussolini but the President of the United States and that we compelled a peaceful Japan to make war on us, what would you do? If you are an average citizen the chances are you would get rid of her without a qualm. You might even go so far as to mention her to the FBI, just to be sure that she wasn't a paid agent or that she didn't translate her sentiments into action. Certainly you would not give her a letter of recommendation to help her carry on. What is more, you would probably feel virtuous and would go around for weeks telling your friends how shocked you were and how you told the creature off.

But suppose that instead of dusting off your furniture or cooking your meals, the servant is engaged in speaking for you in the Congress of the United States. What do you do then? You shrug your shoulders, you are not interested in politics. You vote a straight party ticket. Did anyone tell you that your Congressman said in the House of Representatives exactly what you fired your maid for saying? Yes, but that's campaign talk. You can't be expected to follow his every word in the *Congressional Record*. Anyway, what people said before Pearl Harbor is water over the dam. Lots of us were wrong then. So off you go to the polls in November and vote for men you would put out of your house if they talked at your table the way they talk every day on the floor of Congress.

Is the picture overdrawn? If you think so, just pick up a book called "The Illustrious Dunderheads," * edited by Rex Stout and published none too soon to be of service in the present campaign. Here is a compilation of choice remarks by Representatives and Senators on the foreign policy of the United States, some of them made before December 7, 1941, and some after that date. With an introduction by Frank Sullivan and cartoons by William Gropper, it looks offhand like one of those entertaining little volumes of boners designed to titillate your sense of superiority. It is nothing of the kind. It will entertain you only if you get a lift from "Mein Kampf" or the crafty and bitter lies of the copperhead press.

If voters will take the trouble to equip themselves with this hair-raiser before they go to the polls next month, they will soon see what I mean. How many Michigan voters, I wonder, know that Representative Hoffman had the effrontery to tell his colleagues nearly a month after Pearl Harbor that "all of us know that there is another war right here within our own government, carried on by an enemy more dangerous than either the one on the Atlantic or the one on the Pacific"? Or that, with a struggle for survival on our hands, he proposed that "perhaps nothing but a march on Washington will ever restore this government to the people"? If these were merely well-intentioned mistakes, then perhaps history has dealt too harshly with Benedict Arnold.

I wonder, too, how many Kansans recall the remark of their man Lambertson that "this hysteria about national defense is 'hooey,' and I am ready to stake my political future on that proposition." This is the same statesman who called Greece "an aggressor nation" and who, like his fellow-demagogues, lacked the courage to vote against the declaration of war even while he insisted that "we were maneuvered into it" by the Administration. Then there is Knutson of Minnesota, whose enthusiasm for the war must surely be tempered by his expressed preference for the Nazi system of government over the British; Rankin of Mississippi, who deplored our being harassed into war by "Wall Street and a little group of our international Jewish brethren"; Short of Missouri, who denounced England and France for declaring war on Germany "after being clearly forewarned by Colonel Lindbergh that it would be utterly impossible for them to compete with Germany's air force"; Brooks of Illinois, who found that the Axis had "chosen not to declare war upon us" but that the Administration wouldn't "let them get away with that"; and far too many others even without counting those who merely placed a misguided trust in three thousand miles of water.

It is a bitter irony that in a world struggle for freedoms which demand representative government the stock of Congress should have fallen so low. One might almost suspect sabotage. The irony is sharpened by the circumstance that a slothful electorate has left the defense of Congress to the very men who have done most to bring it into disrepute. It is they who have now appropriated the role of democracy's savior against the inroads of a dictatorial President (as you will read on every page of "The Dunderheads"). They are in a strategic position. Attack them, and you advertise to the world the antics of parliamentary government; yield to them, and they will wreck that government themselves.

There is only one answer to these gentlemen: beat them so badly in November that they will slink back into the obscurity that becomes them. "The Dunderheads" will help you perform that war-time duty.

*Published by Alfred Knopf, $1.75.

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I Worked for McCormick

BY GREER WILLIAMS

IN MY five years as a reporter for the Chicago *Tribune* I had an excellent opportunity to observe the inner workings of the institution which has labeled itself the "World's Greatest Newspaper" and which has indulged in so many reckless utterances since Pearl Harbor. Like many of my colleagues, I had no sympathy with the policies of Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, but I stayed on simply because, from the professional newspaperman's point of view, the *Tribune* is a good place to work. In the Middle West, at least, the prestige of working for the *Tribune* is still considerable, and if Colonel McCormick's paternalism at times almost suffocates one, his enterprise does afford a measure of security to its employees. Nevertheless, with the founding of Marshall Field's Chicago *Sun* many *Tribune* men found welcome release.

An important aspect of the *Tribune* story which has been neglected in the volume of well-deserved criticism recently directed at the McCormick institution is the relationship between the Colonel and his staff. It is natural to assume that McCormick is a dictator who personally wills all the crooked thinking that is manifest in the *Tribune,* but the truth is often otherwise. Those who study the paper solely on the basis of its content cannot know that over the years McCormick, like Hitler, has so isolated himself from his fellow-men that he now hears only what his Elite Guard think he wants to hear. A religious reader of his own paper, the Colonel bases many of his strong convictions on what he sees in it. And reporters, copy readers, and editors, with exaggerated deference to his feelings, fit the facts to meet his views whether ordered to do so or not. Thus the Colonel feels quite sincere when he boasts, "In discharging its fundamental responsibility as a newspaper the *Tribune* has no political, financial, or social tie-ups which compromise its freedom to report the truth."

Complete subservience to the boss's prejudices is shown in the treatment given any assignment from the Tribune Tower's twenty-fourth floor, or what is known as an "RRMC" assignment. For example, the RRMC assignment may ask a simple question, "How many WPA musicians are of military age?" The reporter, of course, will not make a straightforward answer. He will probably find that the WPA musicians' project is a haven for young Communists and pacifists. It took me six months to answer the RRMC question, "What is known of the relation between syphilis and unemployment?" I first tried writing a story giving the known facts, but this was not what was wanted. I was expected to prove that syphilis was more prevalent among Chicago relief clients than among the employed, which I finally did, after hounding four government agencies into making a joint survey.

The Colonel's whim is the reporter's hard work. Many assignments arise from the Colonel's drive to town in an armored car from his estate, Cantigny Farm, in Wheaton. The reporter may be asked to find the offender after the Colonel has jotted down the number of a speeding automobile or has spotted a hole in the pavement. One morning the Colonel's car almost ran down three or four stray dogs. As soon as he got to the office, he issued an edict: "There are too many stray dogs on the street." The next day the *Tribune* was campaigning against them.

On one occasion the Colonel advanced the notion that sap rises in trees because of the pumping action of wind in the branches. The story I wrote on the upward pull of sap by capillary action and vacuum created by evaporation on the leaf surfaces ignored the wind notion as scientifically ridiculous. So the Colonel dictated a note: "Our sap expert missed a trick. . . ." Since I had by that time quit the *Tribune,* someone else had to repeat the painful procedure of having a botanical authority laugh in his face, and then report to the Colonel in delicate terms that he was cockeyed.

I claim to have received the funniest RRMC assignment ever made: "Everyone should be interested to know how hard a lobster pinches. Crabs, clams, oysters. This information should be easy to get I suppose. RRMC." They may be still looking for it; I couldn't find it. The experts on crustaceans and mollusks laughed at me and asked, "Who cares?"

Occasionally McCormick gets an answer that he doesn't like but has to take. About five years ago a state policeman who was an ex-convict was accused of fixing a jury. Because it was embarrassing to the Democratic administration of the late Governor Henry Horner, the *Tribune* began raising a daily question: "How is it that the governor can appoint an ex-convict to the state police force?" The Governor had an assistant search his McCormick correspondence files and make a visit to the state penitentiary; he then wrote McCormick the answer. McCormick, it seems, had asked the Governor to make his chauffeur a state policeman without pay so that he could carry a gun. The Governor had replied, "I'm loath to do so," but had finally yielded to McCormick's nagging.

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The chauffeur, Horner wrote McCormick, was also an ex-convict, "and that is how the Governor can appoint an ex-convict as state policeman." The *Tribune* pressed the matter no farther.

When Horner became governor in 1933, the *Tribune*, which had been friendly to him as probate judge of Cook County, suddenly turned against him. Horner went to the Colonel and asked if he didn't think him the same "honest Henry Horner" as of old. The Colonel said yes, he did, but that the *Tribune* would "ride roughshod" over anyone who supported the New Deal.

The *Tribune*, however, has not ridden roughshod over the pro-New Deal Boss Kelly, mayor of Chicago, from whom it has received many favors. One was the passage by the City Council five years ago of a year-round daylight-saving ordinance, which no one seemed to be pushing except the *Tribune*. The public was not impressed, and on the first opportunity voted to restrict daylight-saving time to the customary April-to-September period. Elimination of the one-hour normal time differential between New York and Chicago would have compelled the Chicago afternoon papers to go to press without the closing stock-market quotations. The *Tribune* is a morning paper.

Tribune men, while treated like gentlemen some of the time, are often dealt with in summary fashion and given servile tasks. An editor once assigned a reporter to investigate the economic and social status of the patrons of the private school his daughter was entering. When the Colonel went to the opera, he let the City Desk know, and a reporter was sent over to arrange a proper reception. I was once sent to the railroad station to see that the Colonel had no difficulty in meeting the train on which his wife was coming in.

The Colonel's conception of his high authority was well illustrated in 1935 when he removed Rhode Island's star from the large American flag hanging in the Tribune Tower lobby. He had just read the story of a *Tribune* reporter on the "dictatorship" of the Democratic Party set up in Rhode Island through the "packing" of the state Supreme Court. The Colonel suggested a page-one story on his action, but a lieutenant pointed out that mutilation of the flag was a jailing offense.

The big trouble with the Colonel, most people say, is that he has no humility and no humor. Only on rare occasions has he given any sign of possessing these qualities. Once when a Springfield reporter wrote that McCormick had come to town in his Rolls Royce and looked like Republican Presidential timber, the Colonel replied, "The Rolls Royce is a good car and will take a man almost any place except the White House." And when the "*Tribune* family" recently presented him with a framed facsimile of the Stanley Johnston story of the Lexington sinking, the Colonel wept and said, "I am a lonely man; you are all I've got." Recalling similar instances of tearfulness since the tidal wave of McCormick unpopularity started rolling last winter, the hard-hearted say the iron-willed Colonel is beginning to crack.

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WINTERHILFE

Drawing by Hoffmeister

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BOOKS and the ARTS

PRIMITIVE PAINTING

BY CLEMENT GREENBERG

"PRIMITIVE" painting belongs to the Industrial Age. It emerged toward the close of the eighteenth century and defined itself as independent of tradition, whether that of sophisticated art or that of folk art. It was mainly an effort to find a new outlet for the plebeian "artistic energy" that was left without an object by the dying out of folk art in an urban civilization. This outlet could not be found in sophisticated art, because the persons who embodied such "energy" were too poor or too isolated to possess themselves of the culture that sophisticated art presupposes. All this was pointed out by a German scholar, Nicola Michailow, in a very important, almost epochal, article which appeared in the *Zeitschrift für die Kunstgeschichte,* Numbers 5 and 6, in 1935 (prompted partly, one may suppose, by the Nazis' solicitude for anything and everything that can be construed as "folk"). The practitioners of *Laienmalerei* (lay or unprofessional painting), as Michailow calls it, had to fill by their own independent efforts the vacuum left by the extinction of living folk art. It is to the lack of formal training and of almost every other advantage of a continuous tradition that their painting owes its "primitive" character. The self-taught painter, Michailow adds, is to be found mostly among the petty bourgeoisie, that much-maligned class, which more than any other has inherited the "primeval creative urge of the *Volk.*" Yet, paradoxically, the first individuals sufficiently cut off from all pictorial traditions to paint in the primitive way were aristocrats in comparatively backward regions like North Germany. Thus Frederick William I, King of Prussia, was one of the first "primitive" painters of whom there is any record. It was only later on that the masses became traditionless enough to produce such painters.

Why did so much of this popular "creative urge" find its avenue in easel-painting? Michailow does not attempt to answer the question, although it is a crucial one. Answers offer themselves, however. First, there was a demand for portraits and wall pictures by the new middle class arising in provincial towns and villages, which could afford to spend modest amounts on such satisfactions and which at the same time was more or less out of touch with metropolitan culture. This would show that popular painting was in the beginning a move to supply a market as well as to satisfy a "creative" urge. Secondly, industrial methods first made possible the wide circulation of the materials for painting and of reproductions of academic art. The importance of this last is easily overlooked. Michailow and Jean Lipman, in her recent book, "American Primitive Painting,"* both tend to exaggerate by omission the non-derivative character of primitive and popular painting. Yet I feel sure that in most cases it was through acquaintance with reproductions that the purchaser came to want pictures and the amateur to want to paint them. Moreover, it is unthinkable that self-taught artists would have dared to paint, as they did so often, pure landscapes and still lifes, had not sophisticated art already provided them with examples. Consider only how long it was before sophisticated art arrived at the landscape and the still life.

Michailow and Mrs. Lipman also fail to touch on a very important distinction to be made in the corpus of work lumped together as "primitive" painting. There were professional "primitive" painters who made a living by their art, and there were and are amateur primitive painters who paint chiefly for their own satisfaction. The professionals were apt to be more responsive to the influence of contemporary academic painting (some of the portraits reproduced in Mrs. Lipman's book seem to derive their conception, if not their execution, from the fashionable painting of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—and it is not altogether a question of similarity in styles of dress); and there seems also to be a sort of craft continuity between the work of one professional painter and another: they had trade secrets in common and tried to meet the demands of a public taste. The amateurs, on the other hand, paint with less technical competence but with more daring and originality. Although no hard and fast line can be drawn between the two groups, it would seem that only persons whose painting had nothing to do with money dared to produce work of such a frankly primitive character as is seen today in the pictures of self-taught artists like Hershfield and Vivin. Such painters are rightly called primitives, but it is the work of professionals, of *popular* painters—including lady watercolorists—not of amateurs and primitives, that largely makes up the American tradition of "primitive" painting with which Mrs. Lipman's book deals; and a *tradition* it was, so much so that it almost escapes Michailow's definition of primitive painting and requires one of its own.

Elsewhere in his article Michailow observes that *Laienmalerei* has flourished most splendidly in those outlying countries of Western civilization over which metropolitan culture was comparatively thinly spread—Germany, the Balkans, and North America. One might add that if it was the absence of tradition that was all-important, then our country was ideally situated to produce primitive art; for here we had in the beginning almost no tradition at all of pictorial or decorative folk art among white people. Those who settled our country as its "folk" were iconoclastic Protestants, and whatever art they maintained was until the nineteenth century dependent on transfusions from Europe. Unlike the German or Bulgarian primitive painter, the American suffered from neither the memory nor the competition of an anterior indigenous tradition. He could begin painting as an independent and original entrepreneur, untrammeled by the tariffs, patents, and prescriptions of the past. For this reason, perhaps, the United States produced the most uniquely native and substantial body of popular painting to be seen before the twentieth century.

* Oxford University Press. $5.

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Mrs. Lipman's conscientious and coolly written text is an important if brief contribution to the subject. It presents the fact of a school, a trade, and a pastime of popular painting which flourished vigorously in New England and the Middle Atlantic states from the last quarter of the eighteenth century until about 1875. Its practitioners were itinerant "limners" or portraitists, scene and flower painters, decorators, lady water-colorists, and pure and simple amateurs. Mrs. Lipman analyzes their art—stressing its "abstract" quality—describes their methods of work, and quotes extensively from the recipes and hints by which the somewhat quaint tricks of this trade were circulated. (For many amateurs, at least, this painting seems to have been a part of the typically American business of practical self-improvement.) American popular painting was an art characterized by its insistence upon rhythmic design and balance, by comparatively pure color—although not so frank by far as in the work of contemporary primitives, and much more receptive to the half-tones of academic painting—and by strong, unselfconscious emotion translated in both literary and painters' terms. The artist makes up for a certain repetitiveness by his quiet, steady fervor and his appetite for his work. His painting goes back to the first assumptions of pictorial art and reexamines them in all their original freshness, reminding one again of the excitement there is in simply discovering that it is possible to depict three-dimensional things on a flat surface. But unlike children's art, this painting is not simple-minded; it achieves subtleties by means that seem only in themselves simple and crude. Its best common quality, in fact, is this ambiguity created by the simple thing itself and the richness of its effect.

There are, however, demands which this art cannot ordinarily meet. The reliance upon formulas and ready-made elements is often hardly compensated for by the freshness of invention elsewhere. The tight design and the insistent rhythms, to which the naive artist is always prone to surrender himself, are a liability as well as an asset, for they tend to overcome everything else and destroy dramatic movement; and it is only by its very intensity that even some of the best of this popular painting can retrieve itself from decoration. Nor did many of the self-taught artists who worked in oil take full advantage of their medium; they might just as well have painted in tempera so far as the final result is concerned; and perhaps, given their liking for firm contours, flat surfaces, and large areas of uniform color, they would actually have found tempera a more congenial medium. But on the other hand, one of the real charms of their art is precisely the result of their clumsiness with such a flexible medium as oil. Having made these reservations, I find it possible to go on to praise this painting seriously and without condescension, agreeing with Mrs. Lipman that more than one of these popular artists "arrived at a power and originality and beauty which were not surpassed by the greatest of the academic American painters." This was true indeed of such painters as Joseph Pickett, Joseph H. Headley (who did townscapes around Troy, New York, between 1840 and 1860), and the anonymous master of the Runaway Horse (circa 1850), and several others who painted portraits and still lifes before the Civil War. In the cases of Headley and the master of the Runaway, popular painting approaches sophisticated art in its fluency, while in Pickett's case it is wholly primitive and attains a kind of force only possible to primitive art. But significantly enough, Pickett really falls outside this period—his dates are from 1848 to 1918—and his status as a picture painter was strictly amateur.

The American popular painting trade was unable to survive the competition of photography and the cheap reproduction. According to Mrs. Lipman, it can be considered to have died in the eighteen-seventies. Yet it lingered on in some places. It seems to me that there was a pictorial notion in the design and draftsmanship of some of the Currier and Ives prints which continued as well as superseded popular art. What was lost—and as it seems now, irrevocably—was a precious tact in the use of color.

The illustrations in Mrs. Lipman's book do not sacrifice aesthetic merit to documentary interest. Those in black and white are excellent; the color plates, however, are rather poor, and perhaps less well chosen—four of them are detachable from the book. But Mrs. Lipman's book is valuable enough without them.

The Appeal to Morals

A TIME FOR GREATNESS. By Herbert Agar. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THOMAS PAINE did not hesitate to write of "times that try men's souls"; so Herbert Agar is in the true succession of our pamphleteers when he demands of us that we meet the crucial days in which we live with high resolve and purged souls. His affirmation of the reality of spiritual values and his appeal to the conscience are reminiscent of the many powerful voices in our history which have couched their appeals in the vocabulary of our evangelical tradition. Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Beveridge, and Wilson used this vocabulary in the last generation. In our own day it is not the fashion, but Herbert Agar knows how to use it eloquently. In this book of essays, almost sermons, on America's duty to the world he once again demonstrates the vitality of the moral appeal. He has always seen the present conflict as a moral crisis and warned of its implications in words burning with the fervor of a crusader. This book defines the essential issue between democracy and Nazism as an ethical one, and does so with clarity and skill.

Mr. Agar's preoccupation with the moral issue, however, results in both distinction and limitation. It makes him master of a style that is almost Lincolnesque in its scriptural overtones; yet it also makes him curiously insensitive to the genius of American radicalism. He is an exponent of what he calls "creative conservatism." Basically, he interprets the present cataclysm not as the birth pangs of a new human society but as a struggle between savages who are out to destroy our traditions and civilized men determined to preserve them. Thus in one place he declares, "The savages who assail us may teach us to reexamine our faith, to review the greatness of our tradition, to remember that we have not done it justice"; and in another, "There is no economic reason, no Marxian necessity, which explains why American labor relations had to be poisoned for decades. They were poisoned because American business men did not live up to the

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American idea, and because their repressive conduct bred similar excesses, madnesses, and revenges on the part of labor." Such statements ignore the instrumentalism with which native American radicalism checks the easy generalizations of both religious and social absolutists. They overlook the inherent anti-social elements in human nature itself and the influence of economic and other environmental stimuli in determining whether the social or the unsocial instincts shall predominate in group conduct. Agar falls into the error of a prophet who hopes the world will be saved by his preaching and so does not go on to probe the nature of man and society in order to find a way to make environment an active ally of the better instincts of men. He contributes no radical criticism of our social and economic order.

He feels the Negro's inequality deeply and writes nobly of the need for his improvement. Here he comes closer than in any other part of his book to the radical premise: "Where there are widespread want, considerable illiteracy, and much poor health, it seems natural for man to seize on any chance to oppress or degrade his less fortunate neighbor. . . . If we fail to offer to all our citizens equality in 'recreation for the spirit,' it is not reasonable to blame those who have been denied because their spirits are sometimes warped." Exactly. But to recognize so plain a fact is a critique of our whole bungling effort to relate man and society in such a way as to release the best in the individual and to create the maximum benefits for all. An absolutism that scorns plans for economic equalities as concessions to materialism is based upon a dualism of the "carnal flesh" and the "spirit" which is tenable neither in philosophy nor in sociology. The love of liberty is more than a tradition; it is a creative impulse moving within events to mold things as well as ideas into instruments of human happiness.

Ours is indeed a "time for greatness," greatness of moral passion, as Agar so movingly pleads, but greatness also of brain and muscle to plan and build a machinery for living that will give all men an equal chance in life.

FRANK KINGDON

Jane vs. Jane!

JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS, 1941. Edited by Francis E. McMurtrie. The Macmillan Company. $19.

JANE'S ALL THE WORLD'S AIRCRAFT, 1941. Compiled and Edited by Leonard Bridgman. The Macmillan Company. $19.

IN THE War Loss section of the latest edition of "Jane's Fighting Ships" the sinking of the Bismarck is chronicled in two terse lines: "Torpedoed by H.M.S. Dorsetshire after being reduced to a sinking condition by the gunfire of H.M.S. King George V and Rodney, May 27, 1941." This account seems to do something less than justice to the part played by aircraft in the sinking of Hitler's mightiest battleship, but the balance is redressed by "Jane's All the World's Aircraft," which in the course of a rather fuller report of the event states:

> It was another occasion on which air reconnaissance and air torpedoes made all the difference, though the actual killing was done, as it usually must be done, by the guns and heavy torpedoes of the ships. When the Bismarck seemed likely to escape, she was found by a Coastal Command "Catalina" and then was repeatedly attacked by "Swordfish" from both carriers. Torpedoes so damaged the rudders and screws of the enemy that ships of the home fleet were able to overhaul and sink her.

Even this report will be considered by some airmen to overemphasize the role of the fleet, for, the story goes, pilots of the fleet air arm were all ready to dive in and administer the coup de grâce when they were expressly ordered by the admiral in command to keep off and leave that honor to the naval gunners.

As this episode illustrates, experts on both sides of the "ships-versus-planes" controversy will find endless material in these two great yearbooks. Speaking as a complete amateur, my own conclusion is that air power has changed the nature of naval warfare to an extent that the tradition-bound British and American navies have yet to recognize. This does not mean that warships of all kinds are necessarily condemned to the fate of the dodo, but it does seem probable that the huge battlewagons have had their day unless new ways of protecting them from air assault are discovered. The following table compiled from the War Loss section of "Fighting Ships" tells a story confirmed, since this book went to press, by the battles of the Coral Sea and Midway, in which the opposing surface craft never came within sight of each other.

BRITISH NAVAL LOSSES IN WORLD WAR II

	Sunk by			
Class	*Air action*	*Submarines*	*Surface craft*	*Miscell. and doubtful*
5 Battleships	2	2	1	
4 Carriers	1	2	1	
18 Cruisers	8	4	1	5*
71 Destroyers	23	4	12	32*

* Most of the ships listed in this column are reported simply as "sunk" or "torpedoed"; so that it probably includes many victims of planes and submarines.

This is the first year that the two Janes have been published in America, although they have long been widely known and used here. "Fighting Ships," the publishers can claim, is regarded as essential chartroom equipment by every navy in the world, and its younger relative is no less useful to fliers. Both volumes are indispensable items for every newspaper library.

The space of a review does not permit even the baldest summary of their contents. "Fighting Ships" is a complete guide to the world's navies—so complete that it even takes note of the one thirty-seven-ton gasoline-powered patrol boat which constitutes the Nicaraguan fleet. The illustrations are profuse and are selected for their practical value. There are photographs of most first-class vessels and of typical representatives of other classes, diagrams and sections showing general construction and arrangement of fire-power, and silhouettes of individual ships and types to assist quick recognition of friend or foe.

Jane's "Aircraft" is no less complete but is organized on a different plan. Its first, or historical, section provides a detailed description of the flying services of all nations and includes a long review of the achievements of the R. A. F. and the British Fleet Air Arm in the second year of the war.

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This covers the concluding stages of the Battle of Britain and the story of the night blitz during the winter of 1940-41, taking us on to the beginnings of the British offensive over Germany. We learn why this offensive was so long in coming and why it has not yet reached maximum effectiveness. Britain started the war with a small air force still in the early stages of expansion. The demand on its manufacturers for planes of all types to carry on the many different missions which devolved on the R. A. F. was terrific. The first task was to build up fighter strength, and concentration on this type proved fortunate, for, even so, reserves were dangerously depleted before the day in mid-September, 1940, when Göring was forced to call off his daylight raiders.

Meanwhile only medium bombers in comparatively small numbers were available for offensive operations, which in consequence were seldom more than nuisance raids. This year giant four-motored bombers are for the first time being turned out in quantity. Jane gives some particulars on three of these monsters—the Halifaxes, Stirlings, and Manchesters—but notes that no details are available for publication on the latest and mightiest—the Avro Lancaster.

Not all of Jane's "Aircraft" is devoted to military aviation. Part B reviews worldwide developments in civil aviation in a way that suggests the tremendous scope for air travel and transport after the war. Parts C and D are an encyclopedia of modern aeroplanes and aero-engines of all nations, civil and military, with as many details as war-time censorships permit. It is an impressive record of the degree to which man has conquered the air since the Wright brothers first took wings, and one that ought to give pause to blue-water strategists who think they can discern limits to that conquest.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Blackmur as Poet

THE SECOND WORLD. By R. P. Blackmur. The Cummington Press: Cummington, Massachusetts. $2.50.

THERE are, it seems to me, two kinds of modern poets—those who want to write poetry and those who do. Those who want to write poetry are forced, depending upon the motivation or intensity of their desire, to seek substitutes, stage effects, claptrap, to simulate the thunders and subtleties of the true poet. A poet cannot even for a moment rely on his political angle to elevate his verse. Nor can he let his "regionalism" carry his work, even partially. And playing up to the fashionable expectations of the day, whether in rhetoric or liberalism, will not hide a failure in performance or perception. If the poet has not achieved the state of perfect rapport with true poetic experience and cannot get the body of a deed into the actual clothes of a poem, nothing will help him, neither the White Cliffs of Dover, the Battle of Bunker Hill, nor the dust which is but plain dust in the eyes.

R. P. Blackmur belongs with those who do write poetry. This new volume, his second, is slender compared with "From Jordan's Delight," published in 1937, but it shows a substantial advance in technique and content if not in lyricism. Nowhere is there evidence that the poet has had to call on sleight-of-hand for insight. Nor has he fallen into

"A Bullfinch for our time . . .

but that is hardly a description, even a suggestion of what Miss Hamilton has done."

—IRWIN EDMAN, *The Nation*

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the other extreme of writing in a vacuum or trying to row a paper boat on the surrealist stream of fiery muddiness. Rather the poems in this book are nakedly of and about the human spirit, seriously concerned with the state of the individual caught in the enormous trap of a universe of things and theories.

It isn't easy to write poetry of a high metaphysical order. Blackmur avoids rhetorical bombast, occult mystification, over-modernized trimmings. In the longest and best poem in the book, Before Sentence Is Passed, the individual is presented as the accused prisoner in the courtroom of the world, and the speech of defense—and accusation—is the entire poem. It is one of the keen pleasures of this poem that the poet does not resort to the accoutrements of up-to-dateness to prop a failure of spiritual integrity. Yet the eloquence of the prisoner's despair is shrewdly balanced by the everyday quality of the poem's idiom.

As to "influence," the border line at which the modern mediocrities pretend to write poems, I find it an achievement in itself that Blackmur has refused to work by the poetic headlights of the last five years. For it was during this time that the reputations of Auden and Spender shone their brightest, with the additional luminaries, Dylan Thomas and George Barker, not to mention Delmore Schwartz on the American side, helping in their own way to make the poetic scene brighter. Blackmur's tie with the academic school—Tate, Ransom, and others—is more evident, but even there he emerges as himself rather than as a reflection. To go into one technical example of how Blackmur avoids the usual sin of serious parody and transcends his "influence," I quote from Allen Tate's excellent poem The Wolves:

> There are wolves in the next room waiting
> With heads bent low, thrust out, breathing
> At nothing in the dark; . . .

When Blackmur writes,

> There is disorder, like heavy breathing in the next room,
> Like people making way when no one comes.

we have a new creation out of the "waiting," the "breathing," and the "zeroness" (no one, nothing); the natural disorder of all things is brought to comprehensible terms of sheer insight.

I have spent time on the long poem because it is practically half of the book. There are eight other poems, more lyrical perhaps than this one but all of a high order. Some of the lyrics are polished to the point of hardness, as the fine Missa Vocis, and the short title poem is memorable and apt. The fault of Blackmur is his deadly seriousness unlightened by even the grim humor of irony, a lack of playfulness, an over-earnestness which results at times in such rawness as "Ambassador plenipotentiary,/he says, to bargain fleas for lice"—a combination of words only a humorous poem could carry off with equanimity. Another fault of this volume is its slimness, a little thin for five years' work, the restraint—if it is that—a bit overdone. But considering its general excellence, perhaps I am carping. Definitely, Mr. Blackmur is writing some of the most technically perfect poems of today.

A word about the format: "The Second World" is exquisitely done—neatly bound, hand-set by Katharine Frazier, and hand-printed on, shall I say, pre-war quality paper.

OSCAR WILLIAMS

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Post-War Economics

AGENDA FOR A POST-WAR WORLD. By J. B. Condliffe. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

PROBLEMS OF POST-WAR RECONSTRUCTION. Edited by Henry P. Jordan. American Council on Public Affairs. $3.25.

FEDERALISM AND FREEDOM. By Sir George Young. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

J. B. CONDLIFFE has tucked the basis for a good peace into "Agenda for the Post-War World." Lucid, forceful, and not over-ambitious or visionary, it deals with immediate realities in a satisfactorily hard-headed fashion. Its essence can be conveyed in a phrase—a phrase that needs to be repeated daily until the end of the war: Peace begins at home. It is clear to Mr. Condliffe, and perforce clear to his readers, that international policies, whether short-range or long-range, can be enforced only by supra-national institutions. Effective supra-national institutions can in turn be established soundly only to the extent that the power to act in specific fields—rather than general power—is ceded by national sovereignties. It is necessary to delegate specific powers to supra-national institutions to gain specific ends, and the war-time United Command can be considered the first such delegation; talk of a general delegation of power is merely a kind of intellectual game, and unnecessarily abstract.

The nations of the world, always assuming our total victory, will perforce diminish their own national sovereignty exactly in the measure that the United States diminishes its own. This is just political horse sense, both because of memories of 1919 and because of pure power calculations. But we are not asked to diminish our national sovereignty for the sake of a vague internationalism; we are asked to conceive and to implement international policies. Our government is one of de jure regional representation, modified by de facto pressure-group representation. To achieve a national policy we shuffle obliquely through expedients and compromise, with the outcome often left to the baleful accidents of committee seniority. It is this government which is to have the ultimate and effective responsibility for making peace.

There can be no effective international settlement without the abatement of the intensive claims of pressure groups—even of the claims of progressive groups which we have hitherto approved. Mr. Condliffe notes that a great part of the economic war which has been waged for the past twenty-five years springs from motives of social welfare directed toward improving national or group standards of living. "Social security and employment were not safeguarded after the last war by breaking up the world market into a series of protected national markets," since tariffs and immigration laws and crop subsidies could not remove the causes of maladjustment in the national economic systems, but instead sheltered them. "Stability which leads to stagnation gives no security." It is our dreary habit to freeze things when trouble brews, as if there were some special beatitude in the status quo. We do this in the name of security; but every freezing order imperils the mobility of capital and labor and engenders a conflict with advancing technology; and, worse,

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every such gain in security, if it is a gain, is made at a very real sacrifice of freedom.

The increased mobility of capital and labor in a diminished world is one of the keys to the situation. Legislation pressed for by labor unions unfortunately all too often decreases the mobility of labor. And after the war the large proportion of savings that will be invested in government bonds will tend perilously to immobilize capital. On one point Mr. Condliffe is weak: he envisions a large-scale government program of public works as a protection against depression. Public works are indeed a sort of stop-gap, but since they are not means of production, they are much less desirable than other forms of new investment.

As a footnote to Mr. Condliffe's views there is small prospect of the present Congress assisting in abating the claims of pressure groups; and that is why, in spite of the wails of the Krocks and the Sokolskys, the President must intervene to the extent that his time permits in every possible primary and election in which a Congressional seat is at stake; only thus is there a faint hope of obtaining legislators capable of at least a national, not to mention a global, view.

I have been dwelling on Mr. Condliffe's general views, but I have by no means done justice to the brilliance of his detailed arguments. Avoiding the sophistical traps of a purely historical approach, he nevertheless makes the simple point that peace treaties have never failed for lack of expert advice. Actually, Versailles failed because of the unwillingness of trading nations to adapt their economies to international necessities. A simple statement, that, but loaded. Think of what it means in terms of the wheat farmer or the shoe worker; think of what it would mean to work toward the large welfare goal of allowing goods to be produced wherever in the world they could be produced best and cheapest, without regard to political barriers and pressures!

Mr. Condliffe then explains in terms that might even make an impression on Henry Luce why no enduring peace of domination is possible. A period of United Nations domination might usefully become an interval in which supra-national institutions might be founded. Mr. Condliffe does not propose to act the benevolent fool: an equal voice in international affairs will not immediately be lavished upon the Axis nations. Upon the cessation of hostilities we must use our power for certain obvious ends; but the very process of pursuing these ends offers the opportunities of erecting sound and genuine supra-national institutions.

This is where we run into the problem of cleaning house at home. The great danger is that we shall try to cure troubles by treating symptoms, with different experts called in for each symptom. A dreary forecast of the result is to be had in the symposium edited by Henry P. Jordan. Each of his experts is here to be seen patently grinding his own ax. What could one expect from an expert on the gold standard but a plea for its resurrection? The present expert, George S. Hirschland, has rationalized his view of world affairs to the extent that he can commit a sentence such as this to paper: "We have seen the most vicious economic nationalism and totalitarianism growing out of foreign-exchange control." Specialists invariably develop monomanias. The only contribution of real value is the article by the late Donald W. McConnell on Latin American trade. He sees that no nation, in a truly pacific world, will have the right to insist on the export, or even the financing, of monocultural surpluses. Stop-gap loans, such as those we are now making to South America, are merely storing trouble for the future. The only genuine solution to the economic problems of South America—and indeed of Asia and Africa and Eastern Europe too—is the gradual industrialization of these countries. The real meaning of an agricultural surplus is that a nation has advanced its production potential to the point at which it can afford to draw labor and resources off into industry; which means an advance in living standards.

True, in the short run this policy will curtail our export market. But as McConnell says, "our trade will not suffer in the end. For if the economic history of the last hundred years has proved nothing else, it has shown that mutual industrialization increases trade among the countries involved rather than otherwise." Latin America will ask where the capital is to come from, wanting none of dollar diplomacy. Modern governmental practices are amply able to marshal capital, which is as much labor and material as money; it is only the old-fashioned banking capital which is not presently available. Given a vigorous internal mobilization of resources, any South American nation can work wonders for itself with only technical assistance from the outside. And this, by abating the pressure of surplus politics, would be a very real contribution to the peace.

In this field we have done nothing. As I write, a report comes from Puerto Rico concerning "the catastrophic economic situation there," in which 40 per cent of employable labor is unemployed. The eyes of the world are on the United States. If we can accomplish so little in one of our own dependencies, how shall we claim the trust and confidence of undeveloped nations anywhere? No final solution of the Puerto Rican problem can come until the island's standard of living is raised approximately to the level of ours. That means a vast job in education and technical training, as well as industrialization and the cessation of monoculture. And what is true of Puerto Rico is true of the world.

Mr. Condliffe hardly thinks it worth while to name and describe the needed supra-national institutions; everyone knows pretty well what they should be, and the naming and describing of them has become a sort of game of pushing abstractions about. "The acid test of all such proposals," he writes, "is their application, not to the little and weak countries, but to the great and powerful." And that means that in the end the United States will determine by its own actions what degree of international cooperation will be possible. "The alternative to international action is the resumption of the struggle for power."

In contrast to the institutional approach of Mr. Condliffe, we have the giddy constitutional approach of Sir George Young in "Federalism and Freedom." Sir George is a brilliant disputer, trained in the best British tradition. His polemics are overwhelming, momentarily. But his abstract constitutional approach—which incidentally advocates a United States of Europe as both the necessary and the only feasible form of federalism—is like playing with blocks: what do you do when you have put up your edifice? Why you knock it down and begin all over again.

HAROLD STRAUSS

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DRAMA

Play and No Play

THE less ardent admirers of William Saroyan are fond of insisting that, whatever his talents may be, he doesn't know how to write a *play*. One knows of course what such critics mean, since plays are usually rather tight in structure while Mr. Saroyan, after the way of romantics, tends toward the fragmentary and the formless. But tightness of form is not the only or even the most important of the characteristics which distinguish those compositions that are readily actable from those that are not, and how important this fact can be is very neatly demonstrated by the double bill now current at the Belasco, where "Hello Out There," new tour de force in one act, is coupled with "Magic," the short piece written a quarter of a century ago by that often brilliant essayist, G. K. Chesterton. Whatever the defects of the first, it is tense and alive on the stage; whatever the merits of the second, it is a ghastly bore in the theater, where it has obviously no business to be.

"Hello Out There" runs less than forty-five minutes, and most of that brief span of time is occupied by one dialogue between an amiable vagrant falsely accused of rape and a romantic slavey who cooks for the occasional prisoners in the village jail. The standard objections to Mr. Saroyan's works will be raised again. The tone is irresponsibly sentimental, and the characters, it will be said, never existed anywhere on earth because they are only whimsical projections of the author's conception of his own personality—Saroyan's day-dream of himself as a romantic vagabond in a jam and Saroyan's day-dream of himself as a Texas Cinderella. As for the little burst of action which concludes the piece, it is not only very perfunctorily staged but rather perfunctorily, or at least conventionally, conceived in terms of obvious melodrama. Yet one listens to every word that is spoken, and one at least so completely suspends disbelief in the characters that one is eagerly concerned over what will happen next. If these people never existed before, they nevertheless have some sort of existence during their brief hour on the stage. They are people possible to the imagination if not possible in actuality. Leaving aside all questions concerning the level on which Mr. Saroyan's imagination operates, there can be no doubt that it does operate effectively on some level—that it does body solidly forth certain creatures whose temporary existence cannot be denied and who talk and behave in a way that we recognize as appropriate to them.

How sadly different is the case of Mr. Chesterton as playwright, despite the fact that the two were coupled in a double bill because of certain obvious parallels in method and aim. Both are whimsical rather than realistic; both aim at a protest against the general tone dominant in literature at the time when the plays were written—Mr. Chesterton protesting against the rationalism of Shaw and Wells, Mr. Saroyan against the drab economic determinism of most of his contemporaries. But whereas Mr. Saroyan can create, Mr. Chesterton can only dispute. Even when—and this is not always—one can understand what he is trying to prove, the personages who do the arguing, with one possible exception, have no sort of existence whatsoever. It is not merely that they never existed before; they do not exist now. Their unreality is the ghastly unreality of the clothing-store dummy, and one has no more idea what language or what action would be appropriate to them than one has what would be appropriate to a wax head sewed to a sawdust body. In both plays the leading roles are taken by Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon, but when they reappear in the Chesterton piece they are hardly recognizable as the same performers, so great is the contrast between the obvious happiness they find in speaking Mr. Saroyan's lines and the obvious agony they undergo in trying to speak Mr. Chesterton's unspeakable lines. Mr. Dowling and Miss Haydon are, of course, old hands by now at catching William Saroyan's intention, but there is an intention to catch. In "Magic" they do not know who or what they are supposed to be, and they can find no possible way of saying with any conviction what the author has given them to say; so that sometimes they merely drop their voices while they hurry over a dependent clause in an essay and hope that the audience won't notice it at all. By Bernard Shaw "Magic" was entitled "Fatty's First Play." It was also, I believe and hope, his last.

Returning for a moment to the pleasanter subject of Mr. Saroyan and his work, I wonder if it has ever been pointed out that his romantic and sentimental optimism is not the only thing which sets him apart from most serious playwrights of the immediate past, and that his tendency to give only the vaguest of geographical or other location to his actions, his tendency to suspend his character in a sort of void, is consciously or unconsciously a part of his protest against the extent to which most of his contemporaries concern themselves with "society." Instead of seeing man as a product of his environment and therefore seeing environment as the most significant thing in a man's history, Mr. Saroyan generally imagines his heroes as vagabonds in order to free them from any connection with society, and then, like the violent introvert that he is, sets them to working out their salvation in terms of their own individuality. They have so little social consciousness that the external world is hardly real to them at all, and organized society, instead of being the thing of which they are most continuously aware, is merely something which intrudes itself now and then to disturb their attempts to lead some sort of meaningful and satisfactory life. The fact that his plays have attracted the interest they have succeeded in attracting must be taken as a sign that mankind is not yet ready to be exclusively a social being. His rootless creatures, living in a world all but cut off from the social macrocosm and concerned exclusively with loving or hating the individuals they come in contact with, would not be interesting at all if audiences did not find it pleasant to discover some whimsical recognition of the fact that the private world of consciousness does continue to exist alongside the public life of man in society.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

FROM some comments on my recent review of Herbert Graf's book on the opera I have gathered that the point of the review was not clear. That point is that Dr. Graf does not write on the plane of fact on which he operates as a stage director in opera houses, and on which he might have given us a valuable book on the producing of opera, or on the forms of musical theater that have been created by "particular social, political, and cultural surroundings." Instead he erects one of these forms, that of the Greeks, into a concept of *the* musical theater which he then imposes on succeeding forms. The Greek theater, he says, was a democratic form of community expression: even its architectural form, the single tier of seats continuous with the performing

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space, represented the absence of class distinctions in the audience, and, he says, involved this audience in the performance as a participant. *The* musical theater, then, must be a democratic form of community expression in the ways that the Greek theater was; and thereafter, in considering a later form, Dr. Graf is concerned with the proscenium arch and curtain that reduce the audience from a participant to a mere observer, or with the galleries that separate classes of the audience, instead of with the effectiveness and validity of what is performed—and what represents the conditions and necessities of its own period—for its own audience in its own theater, or for us today.

Moreover, in dealing with the succeeding forms of musical theater Dr. Graf continues to deal with concept instead of with fact. It is only in his thought that proscenium arch and curtain must change the audience to a detached spectator: in the theater audiences have been emotionally involved in what has taken place on a stage beyond a proscenium arch. This arch and curtain, he says, also change the performance to a spectacle which, catering to the mere desire for entertainment, becomes a "medley of independent attractions: singing for the sake of vocal display, dancing to show off feats of virtuosity in bodily movement, scenery for the sake of pomp and color." But in reality again perfectly integrated performances have been given, and have engaged profound emotions, in theaters with proscenium arches and curtains; and the spectacular excesses of the performances of two hundred years ago represented tendencies which would have produced the same excesses in a theater like the Greek.

Again, discussing the Metropolitan as a moneyed aristocracy's copy of the European court opera, he writes that "the arrival of Gatti-Casazza in 1908 marks the beginning of the truly brilliant era of the Metropolitan"; that with Gatti's departure there ended "the great age of foreign opera in its original form, produced with the most famous casts and elaborate effects . . . for the benefit of an exclusive society which . . . had lost its regency"; that the democratization of the Metropolitan has brought changes in production that point toward a future opera of the people like the integrated musical theater of the Greeks. He carries on this development of the subject in his thought, remote from such realities as the difference between the artistically brilliant performances of Gatti's first years and the shabby, chaotic, out-of-tune performances of his later years, some of which Dr. Graf himself witnessed; the fact that those performances "with the most famous casts and elaborate effects" conducted by Mahler and Toscanini were not mere gaudy spectacles for a moneyed aristocracy but models of what operatic performance should be; the fact that this aristocracy still runs the Metropolitan; the fact that the improvement under Johnson has been in the direction of the recent performances of "Don Giovanni," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Fidelio" in their original forms with the best available singers, mostly foreigners; the fact that the influence of "the people" even in the opera house of today is what is responsible for the excesses of exhibitionistic stars in the performances—for the inclination and the power of a Tibbett to destroy with his posturing the effect which Dr. Graf has contrived in the opening scene of "Otello." The result of Dr. Graf's preoccupation with the conceptual development of his subject, in other words, is to make his writing shockingly superficial, inaccurate, and uncritical even in the artistic matters in which a practising operatic stage director would be expected to be sharply perceptive and critical.

The importance of all this is that Dr. Graf's performance is typical of German writing. As a stage director he is cloudy where the *Professor Doktor* is heavily pedantic; but the striking thing about German writing is the combination of its pedantic fact-grubbing with a concept-spinning so freed from connection with reality sometimes as to become utterly fantastic, and indeed often manipulating facts, and misrepresenting them, for its purposes. An extreme example of this writing was Adorno's discussion of the effect of radio on the symphony; and I was interested in a recent review of Franz Neumann's "Behemoth" which praised it for its information and comment but observed that "when he generalizes his observations into an interpretation . . . he succumbs to the passion for excessive abstraction and system-mongering."

But even more interesting, because it deals with the writing—the typical writing—of a musicologist, is Lincoln Kirstein's description (which I have just reread) of Curt Sachs's "World History of the Dance." According to Mr. Kirstein Dr. Sachs also starts with a concept—that the dance was, and therefore is properly, something people do together, a social, a communal, often a religious activity—which means that it is only improperly something they look at, for example in a theater. And as a result "he traces the development of social dancing in the Western world, primarily in Europe, from the Protolithic period, through the lower Paleolithic, through the middle Paleolithic, down through the Protoneolithic to the later tribal cultures and Greece. His discussion of Renaissance social dances is no less detailed and no less interesting, but it is curious that he gives so much space to remote antiquity and comparatively little to more recent periods. . . . These later periods do not admit of theorizing or reconstruction and have the additional impact of their immediacy for us"; and for Dr. Sachs, says Mr. Kirstein, their dances are "phenomena of a social degeneration from the primitive typus."

This preoccupation with what is remote from the realities of an art that interest and affect us, this scorn for these realities is typical of the musicological writing that I have been planning to discuss. Any day now.

B. H. HAGGIN

CONTRIBUTORS

J. B. POWELL went to Shanghai in 1917 and became known as one of the best-informed foreign newspapermen in China. The uncompromising hostility of his papers, the *China Weekly Review* and the *China Press,* earned for him the hatred of the Japanese, who repeatedly tried to silence him.

HAROLD MAGER was formerly engaged in research for the New York State Board of Housing and the Laura Spelman Fund.

GREER WILLIAMS, formerly reporter and science editor of the Chicago *Tribune,* is now a staff member of the Chicago *Sun.*

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Letters to the Editors

There Is So a Santa!

Dear Sirs: Fearing that some of your young readers may have been upset by Keith Hutchison's article There Ain't No Santa in *The Nation* of September 19, I have endeavored to reassure them in the following letter.

No, Virginia, Keith Hutchison is wrong and the New York *Sun* is still right. There is so a Santa! If you have given the proper attention to your arithmetic homework, Virginia, you should not find it too hard to see that he has not disposed of Santa by the mere process of subtraction.

Let us reconsider the case of Keith Hutchison's friend, Mr. X, whose tax on his 1941 income amounted to $100,000. When at the end of last year Mr. X liquidated a lot of his investments and put the proceeds into tax-exempt bonds, resulting in a reduction of his 1942 tax bill to only $10,000, what Mr. X really accomplished by his substitution of investments was a reduction of his income to a fraction of what it had been formerly. Mr. X must be an incredibly ridiculous investor to have made such a change in his investments at the end of 1941 after his investment adviser had told him, as he must have, that high-grade bonds weakened very badly during the progress of World War I, whereas equities pursued an opposite trend during that time.

At any rate, Mr. X could not permanently retain the $90,000 refund which he would get if the Ruml plan were adopted. An investor who can reduce his tax bill by $90,000 by switching his holdings into tax-exempt bonds must be a very rich man. We cannot live forever, Virginia, and death is surely as certain as taxes. When Mr. X dies, if his net estate is only $1,000,000, and apparently it must be very much in excess of that, at least one-third of that $90,000 refund will find its way back to Uncle Sam's Treasury even if the rates of the 1941 federal estate tax should not be increased. If the net estate of Mr. X exceeds $4,000,000, then one-half of that refund will go back to the treasury by way of the federal estate tax at the 1941 rate.

But even were this not so, it would be worth all the refunds to men like Mr. X if all the working people in America could be relieved from the worry of being a year behind in their income taxes. That, Virginia, could never be measured in cash terms.

Our soldiers are not earning in the army what they formerly earned in private life, but they have to pay their taxes on what they earned last year, and they must also worry about taking care of the loved ones whom they left behind them. Having considered the case of Keith Hutchison's Mr. X, let us now consider the case of Mr. Y. His 1941 tax bill was $1,000. He will be drafted soon, along with hundreds of thousands of other married men, and may be in the army shortly after Christmas. His 1942 tax bill, at increased rates, will be much more than $1,000. His army pay will not enable him to keep his life insurance in force, much less relieve him from worry about how his wife and child will meet the constantly increasing cost of living. He has not completed paying the tax on his 1941 income, and next year while he is learning to shoot and drive a tank he will be considerably worried about paying his 1942 tax bill.

Buck Private Y will need Santa very much, and so will his buddies. But do not be alarmed when someone tells you that there is no Santa. The hearts of the American people will not permit them to forget Private Y and his buddies.

SEYMOUR J. WILNER

New York, September 29

Mr. X and Private Y

Dear Sirs: Mr. Wilner ought to know that taxpayers in the highest brackets must earn more than 10 per cent on equities in order to get a return *after* taxation equal to that obtainable from tax-exempt bonds. So that Mr. X may very well have increased his net income by reducing his gross income and is by no means a ridiculous investor. Nor, at the moment, does it look as if he were weakening his capital position by the change. It is true that high-grade bonds slumped badly during the last war, but this time, both here and in England, they have held up extremely well. As for the Treasury finally catching up with Mr. X after his death, even on Mr. Wilner's own showing, his estate will only be liable for part of that $90,000 refund, assuming it is still intact. But if Mr. X celebrates the enactment of the Ruml plan by a spell of riotous living and thus dissipates his refund, the Treasury will be out of luck except for whatever it receives from additional liquor taxes.

Now to turn to the case of Buck Private Y. Sudden changes in income have always created hardships, and the Treasury has always been willing to make a deal with the honestly harassed taxpayer. But, as Mr. Wilner was no doubt taught at law school, hard cases make bad law, and relief for men in the position of Buck Private Y should not be made an excuse for easing the load on Mr. X's broad shoulders. Nevertheless, I am prepared to agree that the present situation does call for special consideration—beyond that proposed by the current tax bill—for men joining the forces at a great sacrifice of income. This, I think, could be accomplished simply and fairly by forgiving such men taxes on their *earned* income for the six months prior to their joining up.

KEITH HUTCHISON

What Did Cripps Promise?

Dear Sirs: Louis Fischer has written in *The Nation* (September 19), "Cripps failed because he promised India a responsible government at the beginning of his negotiations and then withdrew that promise." When confronted with the charge, "Cripps made no . . . denial." "Something had happened behind the scenes."

Sir Stafford has certainly met the assertion with a vigorous and forthright denial. On April 11, the date of the exchange of letters on which Mr. Fischer places such store, Sir Stafford said of the demand that the constitution might now be changed, "In this respect I would point out that *you made this suggestion for the first time last night,* nearly three weeks after you received the first proposals, and I would further remark that every other representative with whom I have discussed this view has accepted the practical impossibility of any such legislative change in the middle of a war and at such a moment as the present" (italics mine).

Upon his arrival on March 23 and again on March 25 and 30 Cripps had reiterated the principle that "no real, major, fundamental changes can be made in the War Cabinet's conclusions."

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Mr. Fischer accuses the British government of sabotaging negotiations that might have been successful "if Sir Stafford Cripps had been able to stick to his promise." Speaking in the House of Commons on September 12 about the scheme which he brought with him to India and which he maintains was never subject to any fundamental alterations in the course of the discussions, Sir Stafford said, "The Congress Working Committee had passed a resolution accepting the proposals. *Mr. Gandhi intervened,* and the resolution was subsequently reversed" (italics mine).

In his farewell broadcast he complained, "Criticism has been showered on the scheme from all sides; parties and individuals vied with one another in competition to discover the greatest number of defects. . . . Had the Congress leaders felt themselves able to join hands with other leaders who were willing, then indeed a great work ought to have been accomplished." At Karachi he said that the Indian National Congress Party "wanted all or nothing—they couldn't have all, so they got nothing."

MARVIN B. GELBER

Toronto, Ont., September 25

Dear Sirs: When a person undertakes to correct a statement in a printed article he should be accurate himself. Mr. Gelber says that Cripps has met "with a most vigorous and forthright denial" the charge which I made in my *Nation* articles that he offered India an immediate national government and then withdrew his promise. Mr. Gelber thereupon quotes the alleged Cripps denial: "In this respect I would point out that you made this suggestion for the first time last night." But if you will reexamine Sir Stafford's letter of April 11 from which Mr. Gelber takes this quotation you will find that the denial refers not to my charge of a promise made and withdrawn but, as Cripps puts it, to Azad's suggestion "that the constitution might now be changed." As Cripps said in his New Delhi interview on March 29 (see *The Nation* of September 26), a Cabinet government could be introduced without changing the constitution. "A good deal could be done by changing the conventions or adopting new ones," Cripps said.

Mr. Gelber says, secondly, that Cripps reiterated the principle that "no real, major, fundamental changes can be made in the War Cabinet's conclusions." That is beside the point. We are not the judges of whether Cripps's offer of a national government constituted such a change or not. The fact is that he made the offer.

Finally Mr. Gelber accepts Cripps's allegation, made in the House of Commons on September 12, that "the Congress Working Committee had passed a resolution accepting the proposals. Mr. Gandhi intervened and the resolution was subsequently reversed." Mr. Rajagopalachari, who was then a member of the Working Committee and is probably the only one of the members not under arrest now, has vigorously denied this assertion by Cripps (see the New York *Times* of September 15). If Sir Stafford wishes us to believe this he will have to produce the resolution.

I would like also to make a very brief reference to the letter which you printed in your issue of September 26 from W. T. Stace. Having "worked for twenty years as a British civil servant in Ceylon," Mr. Stace inevitably repeats the obsolete British argument of Indian disunity. I take vigorous exception, however, to his statement that "Congress demands that it be a single government of a united India." Where did he get that? Congress does not demand that it rule India. Mr. Gandhi said to me, as he has said in writing, and as Nehru and others have said, that if the British surrender political power, "a provisional coalition government consisting of the princes, the Moslems, and Congress will be formed." The Indian situation is bad enough without the injection of unfounded statements.

LOUIS FISCHER

New York, October 5

Ambassador Hayes Denies

Dear Sirs: The article in your issue of August 8 entitled A New Plan for Spain has just come to the attention of Ambassador Hayes in Madrid. He requests me to deny for him quite categorically the allegation that he is, or at any time has been, a party to any plan for establishing a new Spanish provisional government or for restoring the monarchy in Spain.

His speech at Barcelona on July 30, which you describe as "amazing," dealt almost wholly with American war preparations and with the firm determination of the United States, in conjunction with its allies, to fight the present war through to a victorious conclusion in support of the fundamental principles enunciated in the Atlantic Charter.

W. P. MICHAEL GEORGE,

Madrid, September 3

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